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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Professional Excursions. By an Auctioneer. *Part I. Essex, Suffolk, Herts, Surrey, Sussex, and Kent.* 8vo, pp. 330. London, A. Greenland.

THOUGH he goes to Greenland for a publisher, our author is quite at home in the home-counties. Down with the hammer, and up with the pen; but, as they say "two of a trade seldom agree," it could hardly be expected that two, each combining *two trades*, should by possibility fail to differ still more cordially. Thus we find our present auctioneer and author irrate with Mr. George Robins, who is also not only an auctioneer, but celebrated far and near for his literary compositions. Him he accuses as "a new planet," which has "travestied" the more orderly pursuits of the profession, and "again given the public mind an unfavourable direction." His *prose* he quotes as wild and wondrous, and adds—"but let it be sublime, or let it be insufferable hyperbole, say its admirers, it answers the purpose, brings customers, and engages the public attention;* the very absurdity recommends it. Why, the same may be observed of a successful pirate, a fortunate gamester, of Dr. Brodum, or any other impudent quack; but does it exalt the character of the individual, or add dignity to the profession of which he is a member? A jest-book is very entertaining, but not at all times appropriate. Bedford's imitations may be very popular and full of humour, but they are unquestionably extremely vulgar; a worthless commodity may be enveloped in tinsel, and made to represent an inestimable jewel, but will that apologise for the deception? Abernethy's eccentricities dimmed the lustre of an honourable name."

Surely this is mere envy and uncharitableness!

> "What's the worth of *any* thing
> But just as much as it will bring?"

and the character of the individual and the dignity of the profession (if he care a jot for either) are exalted by the realisation of a plum or two—enough to make a man noble in our day, when there is not another standard by a hundred degrees so much looked to as the possession of wealth. Why, what is money? It is respectability, it is virtue, it is excellence; without it, worth is disreputable, character at a discount, and genius a wretched and contemned inheritance. George the First† must laugh in his sleeve at his competitor's criticism, whether on his person or on his style, respecting which he bitterly sayeth: "The modern topographer, who at a word can metamorphose mouse-traps into palaces, and bulrushes into stately forests,

> 'At whose command, although unseen before,
> O'er coral rocks the silver waters roar,'

with a pathos unrivalled in classic theme or modern song,—revels in the exuberance of nonsense, and elaborates in the confusion of imagination.

> 'Whate'er's deficient quickly he provides,
> Turns wastes and wilds to Babylonian gardens;
> His bold unfetter'd Pegasus bestrides,
> And swells to pounds what is not *worth five fardens!*'"

He must be an *exigeant* auctioneer whom George Robins thus fails to please; and so is his assailant—for the following are a few of the qualities he considers to be absolutely necessary for any man who ventures to take the mall of Thor into his hand, and knock down every thing he has previously taken a pleasure in raising as high as he could; as if perfecting the line of Shakspere,

> We *must* have *knocks;* ha! must we not?

"To say (he writes) that an auctioneer requires a high classical education may sound hyperbolical; but there is no description of property, no production of nature, no work of art, and no specimen of science, upon which he may not occasionally be required to deliver an opinion; familiarity with ancient and modern literature, profane and scriptural history, and the impressive scenery which the artist borrows from the poet and historian, are therefore indispensable to a mind laudably ambitious; indeed so varied and ramified are his pursuits, that it is impracticable to reduce them to a system: whilst others busy themselves in mechanical operations and laborious details, the eye of an auctioneer by practice and experience enables him to overstep the trammels of rudimental education, and brings him with facility to prompt and correct results. His operations are unlimited, his path undefined; principalities and palaces, lands and houses, regalias and trinkets, galleries, museums, libraries, cabinets, the luxuries of life, implements of labour, relics of antiquity, the perishables of fashion, the mass or the fragment, indiscriminately claim his attention. A love of antiquarian lore and virtù, something beyond the rudiments of geology, and a very large share of the science of agriculture, are elements which a zealous agent must seek and covet, or he will essay in vain to reach the summit of his hopes. There is no profession so little understood, particularly by the gentlemen of the long robe, as that of an auctioneer. I have heard many learned individuals, both at the bar and in private conversation, express themselves on this subject with an ignorance of facts, and a disregard of justice quite inconceivable. No less than forty-five millions sterling of real and personal property are annually brought to the hammer, exclusive of colonial productions and general merchandise; an auctioneer therefore consumes probably as much of 'midnight oil' as any modern philosopher, his intellectual exertions are as great, his physical labour as severe; the ever-varying character of his operations are perplexing, and his consumption of time commensurate."

This is to be an Auctioneer: classical, deeply erudite, versed in every science, connoisseur in every art, gifted with intuitive knowledge, a profound agriculturist, meteorologist, tolerable geologist, antiquary, poet, judge of trinkets, as well acquainted with palaces as In-I-go Jones, &c., &c., &c., &c.; in short, an elephant for the utmost strength and most minute powers, an Admirable Crichton of the nineteenth century.

But, with all this sort of ideal perfection (which it is not amiss to aim at, for, as our friend Loudon advised, if you try wisely for the top, you may get something worth while a good way up from the bottom), our author is an experienced, agreeable, and more than ordinarily intelligent author. His perambulations are those of a man with an observant eye to local antiquities, the beauties of nature, and the capabilities of the country. It is pleasant to wander along with such a companion; and we have been altogether so gratified with his volume that we trust it will soon be followed by a second. Truly does he remark in general upon such pursuits, that "traces of our painted forefathers, of the Druids, the Romans, the Danes, the Saxons, and the Normans, are all distinctly visible from one end of the kingdom to the other; and it requires no very severe stretch of the imagination to follow the footsteps of the conqueror and the conquered who figure in our chronicles, from the simplest earthworks which crown the mountains, to the stupendous castles of our last invaders; from the naked Pict to the Baron 'cased in his iron panoply;' and in filling up the details of this picture, in reanimating fields of battle, in repeopling the halls of chivalry, mixing in imagination with the pageants and processions of by-gone days, consists much of the charm which has sweetened a tolerably long life."

The author speaks with feeling of his being employed to sell Wanstead House: but we will rather select, as examples, two or three morsels recommended by their general interest or by their facetiousness. The agriculture of Essex is cleverly handled, and the concluding remarks no less applicable.

"The Essex men are fond of novelty in their implements, they amuse themselves with them as children with their toys. The swing-plough is in favour with one, the wheel-plough with his neighbour, although the soils assimilate; one admires Western's, a second prefers Pooley's; they of the hundreds insist upon the Foulness make, they of the uplands the Southend; one district runs upon Tweed's, another upon Hayward's; the old are in love with skim-coulters, the young with Newman's go-alones; the wheel-coulters have their advocates, convex and moveable breasts their respective patrons; the common roll pleases many, by others the concave is better liked; then they have extirpators, cultivators, and scufflers; Lord Petre's hoes, Gil-

* If it were not for this aptitude for business in selling to the best advantage for his employers, and also for his having made a large fortune, we should be ready to maintain the thesis, *à l'outrance*, at the point of the pen, that Mr. Robins was the greatest of our living poets. Who but a man of the most extraordinary imagination could have been inspired with the idea, when selling an estate in Devonshire, that as "the packet station was finally fixed for Dartmouth, *the Devon oxen would now, by means of railway, breathe the air of Smithfield in eight hours?*" Nothing so pastoral is to be found in Theocritus or Maro.

† We do not go the length of giving the title to England, but to "George the First of the Cape of Good Hope," having before us a pamphlet (pp. 46, W. Gilling) by Sam Sambok (a *Caper*), in which the sovereign domain of the said monarch is described as "a principality, including 43,000 acres," which his majesty proposes to people according to a plan advertised in the *Morning Post* of the 4th of November, and which the writer, like another Guy Faux, tries to blow up on the 5th. But our Georgium Sidus need fear no ill. When he has levied all his ambition can desire in Europe, Africa is his, and Asia before him. He will have nothing to do with America and its loans: the other three quarters of the globe may suffice even for his enterprise and greatness.

bee's hoes, and Coker's hoes; Pitman's shims, and Ruggles' shims,—but in the end discover that simplicity and strength are the best qualifications for all implements of husbandry. Their crops and routine of course admit of and include every variety; those peculiar to the county are coriander, teasel, and carraway; they are sown together, but arrive alternately at maturity, require great attention, and remunerate the grower very abundantly; these are confined to a small section of the county. Some twenty years ago the clovers failed surprisingly, as if the land rejected them in disgust; the routine was therefore altered, and this, or more suitable seasons, brought them again into favour. Then commenced a very warm controversy upon their management; Mr. Long ventured to mow only once in seven years; Mr. Short, with more courage, every fourth year, by which he got more exercise and less produce. Mr. Quick of Snorum Hall feeds first and mows second; Mr. Slow, the clear-headed steward of Lord Petre, mows the first and feeds the second; Mr. Bridge thinks two mowings bad; Mr. Carr, a successful, able, and intelligent farmer, is of a contrary opinion; one advocates red clover, another white; some contend that only the strong lands fail, others that it is the light; one man would celebrate drill husbandry in verse if he could, whilst another denounces it as the parent of every evil. One prefers oxen, another horses, for ploughing; one adopts feather-edge ploughing, his neighbour flat, and each advances very cogent reasons in support of his own opinion. Mr. Smart gets the best wheat after peas; Mr. Tingle after beans; Mr. Tickle after clover; Mr. Merry after tares. Dibbling is the rage in one district, in another transplanting becomes a mania. Mr. Bounty finds three bushels per acre for sowing insufficient; Mr. Grinder thinks two ample. Mr. Neverdone ploughs seven, eight, and nine times; Mr. Soondone only three or four; Mr. Active deems hoeing wealth, Mr. Passive calls it ruin; draining is perhaps the only system to which universal approbation is conceded. So we perceive it is as difficult for mankind to agree upon systems of husbandry as upon political doctrines; and there are as many unbelievers in Arthur Young, and all the contributors to the surveys, as in Lord John and his numerous hives of commissioners. It is quite impossible to read the several computations of expense and produce, in the many treatises we have on landed property, without perceiving in a moment their discrepancy and the fallacy of the theories they seek to establish. Authors may amuse and deceive the public by their own ingenuity, and the statements of prejudiced or interested parties; but a steady and moderate reward is all that rationally can be anticipated by the tillers of the soil; they literally live by the sweat of their brow, their risks are many, their labours great and endless, and their harvests at all times precarious; a change in the wind will produce an atmosphere which operates like a pestilence upon vegetable life, and in a moment 'all their hopes perish;' no argosies bring treasures to their doors, no magic can shelter them from the 'caterpillar, the canker-worm, and the locust.'"

Pass we into Suffolk for our next extract:—

"The chief attractions of Hawstead are its monuments; at Long Melford also you will find Cloptons nearly as numerous as marble and brass can make them, with strict injunctions not only to 'pray for the souls of all there represented, but of all their relatives elsewhere, and for all the souls of all those for whom they are respectively bound to pray.' Long Melford Church was formerly a worthy appendage to the Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury; superstition seems here to have exhausted itself in lauding its votaries. The grand outline of the edifice is a splendid conception of art; the exterior is covered with inscriptions, every window is redolent with founders, promoters, and imagery; salvators, virgins, royalty, crosses, streamers, and glories; abbots, popes and bishops; state chairs, mitres and crowns; cardinals, priests and Magdalenes; entire armies of saints and martyrs; allegories, attributes and tabernacles; babes, Herods, and Agnus Deis; apostles, disciples, executioners, and Katherine-wheels; keys, croziers, and pastoral staves; *orate pro animas* and *benedictums;* shields, impalings, and augmentations; knights, lord mayors, and judges; in short, a greater mass of idolatry, and more elaborate illustration of the science of cajolery, were never displayed under the same roof; but the deep furrows of age and the indelible corrosions of time have crippled the saints, dethroned the monarchs, unmitred the abbots, and 'into chaos nearly pulverised' the whole congregation."

Our next alludes to a grand Kentish *spec:*—

"The game of hops is played here as well as in Kent, but not to so great an extent; the mania, however, is sufficiently strong at Salehurst and Battle, where to be 'a great hop-grower' is not always to be read 'a very wealthy man;' but the pursuit is genteel and fashionable, and produces amongst agriculturists a distinction synonymous with that drawn between the City and St. James's, or the man of pleasure and the man of business. The hop-planter, if not 'born to greatness,' dreams that he shall 'achieve greatness,' and by courtesy of the plough has 'greatness thrust upon him.' The Earl of Egremont cultivated rhubarb and opium; and his domestic apothecary declared that he could find no difference, as to the first, between the Petworth and the Tartarian; and in regard to the opium, the people of Bahar and Anatolia knew nothing about it! What less could the domestic apothecary respond, if his lordship condescended to ask the question? Domestic apothecaries are very odd fellows; I recollect one at Brighton, who, whenever sent for, was always 'just going to the Pavilion.' At Warwick the knight of the pestle is invariably engaged at 'the Castle;' and at Chichester the accomplished compounder, when summoned by any beneath the bishop or the dean, is that instant sent for from 'Petworth.' Cyder-fruit is produced on the borders next Hampshire, and here again his lordship's estates yield the very best in Sussex; a cup of Sutton cyder, in the estimation of a domestic apothecary, is liquor fit for a king; and from the same authority his lordship's cyder is only exceeded by his lordship's woods and coppices."

The brief accounts of churches are very acceptable; but a few more miscellaneous passages must conclude our notice:—

"At Muntham (Sussex), the celebrated mechanic William Frankland meddled with a great many things, but perfected nothing; to his versatile genius looms suggested spinning-jennys; then followed printing-presses, time-pieces, chronometers, electrical apparatus, and music; thus 'all things by turns and nothing long' consumed a life which, directed to some specific object, might have been useful to posterity. A lathe, which could do every thing but speak and turn sawdust into gold, sold at his decease for three thousand pounds. * * * Sussex produced Charlotte Smith, the poor poet Otway, and a poetical gentleman, William Hay, Esq., quite as crooked but not so satirical as Pope; he was amiable, kind-hearted, and so sensible of the imperfections of his person as to 'descant on his own deformity;' he was an M.P., and used very humorously to relate, that his constituents paid him a great compliment in preferring him to a negro, although the latter was the best bidder for the borough he represented. Juxon chaplain to Charles the First, John Selden the patriot, and Hardham the celebrated compounder of No. 37, were also natives of the county. If your mind run upon heroic deeds, you will find traces of the Saxons, Romans, and Ancient Britons, at Bignor, Duncton, Hollingbury Hill near Brighton, Chichester, Mount Coburn, the Broile, Guestling, St. Rooks, Chewkbury, Poynings, Wolstenbury, Ditchling, Danes' Gate, Crowborough, Saxonbury Hill, and many parts of the Downs. And for vulgar themes, there are the Curfews at Halnaker House, Beavois Head at Bosham, Jack Cade's monument at Heathfield, Chanck-tonbury Ring, the Lion Head of Lord Anson's ship the Centurion at Goodwood (removed to Windsor Castle to gratify the nautical recollections of William IV.), the Hardham Yew, the Strong Box at Tarring Church, Campion's Eye Brows on the Clayton Hills, Parson Darby's Hole at East Dean, St. Dunstan's anvil, hammer and tongs at Mayfield, the Bodiam Echo, and the ancient shield in the town-hall at Hastings. Then, to finish with the sublime, there is the Devil's Dyke, Mount Harry, Beachey Head, Langley Point, Burling Gap, and a vast many points, gaps, headlands, and eminences, which beautifully diversify the county."

With a bit of Herts and we have done:

"Farmers are proverbially a discontented race, who whilst they grow wealthy on one soil murmur instinctively at tithes and taxation. Some years ago, walking over an estate near Watford, I was accompanied by the tenant, a fine portly yeoman, with a broad beaver, frock coat, and large white metal buttons bearing the cognizance of the Salisbury hunt; he wielded a buck-handled whip like a sceptre, walked like a king, and was a perfect combination of Nimrod and Cincinnatus. As we sauntered over his fallows and meadows, the conversation naturally turned upon the prospects of the harvest and the peculiarities of his farm:—Q. The land you hold of the Marquis, is very good, is it not, Mr. Thornton?—A. It ain't bad, sir. Q. The timber, I understand, in this neighbourhood, is very thriving?—A. Why, I've seen worse, sir. Q. You have an abundance of chalk, too, which is an advantage?—A. We don't object to it, sir. Q. You are likewise conveniently situated for markets?—A. Why, we don't complain, sir. Q. You are plentifully supplied with fruit, if I may judge from your orchards?—A. Pretty middling, for that, sir. Q. Corn is at a fair price now, for you?—A. It be'nt a bit too high, sir. Q. The canals must facilitate the conveyance of produce considerably?—A. They are better than bad roads, to be sure, sir. Q. Your rent is moderate?—A. But I'se a large family, sir. Q. How many does it consist of?—A. Why, not so many mouths as feet, sir; but as many as I can fill. Q. The more children the more blessings?—A. The more stomachs the more bread-loaves, sir. Q. Your rector bears a high character for generosity and spiritual-mindedness?—A. There ought to be some goodn's amongst 'em.—This individual, although an inveterate grumbler, was evidently proud of his rank in life, and I am persuaded was neither discontented with Providence nor ungrateful to his landlord; but evasion had become habitual, and I believe it to be a principle in rural education. His barns and staddles groaned with the produce of three harvests; his flocks and herds covered the pastures round; twenty yoke

of oxen revelled in his stalls; beagles, pointers, and greyhounds filled all the echoes at our approach; his teams, just returning from plough, looked like 'the immortal mares of Diomed,' and his homestead altogether was a display of agricultural prosperity accompanied by a pardonable ostentation. The dwelling-house was a contrast to all this profusion, and yet consistent. We entered a sort of sportsman's hall, paved with square bricks. On one side, next the window, stood a long and ponderous oak table, with Elizabethan legs. The fire-place was one of those commodious recesses which contain a whole family at Christmas festivals; and the shaft above groaned with chines, cheeks, hams, and flitches; three or four fowling pieces were suspended from the ceiling; shot-bags, powder-horns, and fishing tackle decorated the walls; the antlers of a buck served for hat pegs, and Reynard's brush for an achievement; a baron of his own beef smoked upon the board, home-made bread and home-brewed ale, pewter plates and brazen flagons, supplied every requisite without the introduction of a table-decker, butler, or confectioner. The family, their guests, and domestics (at a respectful distance), all sat down together. Within this apartment was a parlour with a sanded floor, a cupboard of china, an eight-day clock, a weather-glass, and a cribbage-board; but no mirror, carpet, couch, or piano was perceptible throughout the establishment—such appendages only suited amateurs who drove to market in tilburies."

The Topographer and Genealogist. Part I. Pp. 112. London, Nichols and Son.

The first Part of a quarterly work of that class which is so readily to be undervalued and ridiculed. There is so much in them apparently dry and useless, that the wits and the thoughtless of all times have been easily enabled to make them butts for the shafts of humour and of folly. But it is out of this heap of topographical and genealogical matter that history may be corrected, family titles established, estates recovered, and sundry other important effects produced. We say nothing at present of the curious, and more curious because certain, lights which are thrown by these "mole" investigations upon the habits, manners, and feelings of every ancestral age. We wait for the farther development of Mr. Nichols' plan, and for the nonce quote a passage, *temp.* Phillip and Mary, on a view of the estates of the Earl of Devon, which is a singular feudal contrast and agricultural lesson, as regards the miserably disputed questions of our own day. It runs thus:—

"And as every of the lordes at the bégynninge were contented to graunt dyvers parcells of their mannors to sundrye gentlemen and others to holde of them frelye by sundrye kyndes of suyts and services, and payment of certain fre rents yerlye. So was ther pollycye also to have others to travale and tylle the yerth and to use the trade of husbandry for the increase of corne to serve ther owne necessytie, and to be mynysters also to the commonwelthe; and to theis kind of people they graunted ther londs for terme of lyfe and lyves, reserving certeyne rents, suyt of court, fynes, haryotts, and suche other servyces as hereafter shall appere. And if the lorde were inhabyting upon the mannor he also bounde them to do custome wurks whiche they call dewe dayes, as in tyme of tyllage, hayetyme, and harvest, according to the rate and quantitie of ther tenements and fermes. Theis customes, althoughe they were in some placis a hevie burthen, yet the tenaunts receyved them thanckfullye, and thought it but ther dutie duringe their lyves to serve ther lorde at all tymes wyth all ther might and power, them selves, ther servaunts, and alle. And when they shoulde departe ther habytacion, eyther by occation of death or bargaine and sale, or otherwise, and would not forget at whose hand they had receyved the benefite of ther lyvinge, but woulde gratyfie the lord with ther best beast or some other best parcell of ther moveable goodes, in token of a remembraunce and knowleging of ther good will towarde ther lorde. The lorde also, to requyte the good will of ther tenaunts, were ther onlye defence and buckler against all men in ther just and rightful causses. Theis things and suche like knyt suche a knott of collaterall amytie betwene the lordes and the tenaunts that the lorde tendered his tenaunt as his childe; and the tenaunts againe loved and obeyed the lorde as naturallye as the childe the father, and manye tymes lotther t'offende his lord than the childe his father; so that if the lord were at any tyme commaunded to serve the king's majestie, the tenaunts woulde leave wife, childerne, and substance, and followe ther lord, and adventure ther lyves with hym most willinglye, and had no care of ther lyves to remembre that if ther chance were to be left in the feilde, the wife, so longe as she keapt her selfe sole and unmaryed, should enjoye t'hole lyving towards the educacion and bryngyng up of the chyldren, without any fyne or other exaction for the same. And if the chyldren folowed the steppes of ther parents in obedvence and good behavour towards the lorde, his lyberalytie was so muche that they should have the preferment of ther father's ferme before any others. Suche was the studye and pollycie of our forefathers, to noryshe upp ther tenaunts in obedyence that they might have ther service in tyme of warr, for the defence of them selves and ther countrye, and in tyme of peace to have them necessarye mynystres in the common welthe, and to get ther lyvinge wyth the travayle of ther bodyes."

What themes for reflection in this one description of the olden times!

Handley Cross; or, the Spa Hunt. A Sporting Tale. By the Author of "Jorrocks' Jaunts and Jollities." 3 vols. Colburn.

The fine weather and Mr. Jorrocks' glowing panegyrics have fitted us rather to "streak it" across the country than to review this rattling tale, every page of which renders us more unwilling for the task, and carries us, on our imaginary Pegasus, into the sporting country near Handley Cross. We shall therefore only say, that Mr. Jorrocks has attained the "*'eight of 'is hambition*" by becoming M. F. H. (*i.e.* Master of Fox Hounds), and let him speak for himself. His own journal gives so spirited an account of his introduction to his "'ounds," that we borrow a page without comment as a fair specimen of the rollicking, facetious, and characteristic style in which Jorrocks dashes off the mysteries of the stable and kennel.

"Saturday.—Awoke with desperation 'ead ach—Dragon brandy car'nt be good—Dreamed the Lily-vite-sand train had run off with me, and chucked me into the channel—Called to Binjimin—the boy snorin' sound asleep!—only think, snorin' sound asleep, the werry mornin' after comin' down to wip into a pack of fox 'ounds—fear he has no turn for the chase. Pulled his ears, and axed him what he was snorin for. Swore he wasn't snorin'!—Never heard a boy of his size tell such a lie in my life. Dressed, and on 'orseback by daylight—Xerxes full of fun—Arterxerxes dullish—Bin. rode the latter in his new tops and spurs—Now, said I to Bin. as we rode to the kennel, 'you are h'entering upon a most momentous crisis—If you apply yourself diligently and assiduously to your callin', and learn to be useful in kennel, and to cheer the 'ounds with a full melodious woice—such a woice, in fact, as the tall-lobster-merchant with the green plush breeches and big calves, that comes along our street of a still evenin', with his basket on his 'ead, cryin' 'Lob*sters!* fine Lob*sters!*' has, there is no sayin' but in course of time you may arrive at the distinguished honour of readin' an account of your doin's in Bell's Life; but if you persist in playin' at marbles, chuck farthin', and flyin' kites, instead of attendin' in the stable, I'll send you back to the charity school from whence you came, where you'll be rubbed down twice a day with an oak towel, and kept on chick-weed and grunsell like a canary-bird,—mark my words if I von't.' Found Mat Maltby at the kennel washin' the flags with a new broom, and 'issing for 'ard life—werry curious it is, wet or dry, soft or 'ard these chaps always 'iss. 'Ounds all delighted to see me—stood up in my stirrups looking over the rails, 'olloain', cheerin', and talkin' to them. Yoicks Dexterous! Yoicks Lucky-lass! Yoicks Rallywood! Good dog. Threw bits of biscuit as near each of them as I could pitch them, calling the 'ounds by name, to let them see that I knew them—Some caught it in their mouths like H'Indian Jugglers—'Let 'em out Mat,' at last cried I, when back went the bolt, open went the door, and out they rushed full cry, like a pent-up hurricane, tearin' down Hexworthy Street, into Jireth Place, through Mornington Cresent, by the Bramber Promenade into the High Street, and down it with a crash and melody of sweet music that roused all the old water-drinkin' maids from their pillows, galvanized the watchmen, astonished the gaslight man, who was making way for daylight, and regularly rousing the whole inhabitants of the place. Clapt spurs to Xerxes and arter them, holloain' and crackin' my whip, but deuce a bit did they heed me—On they went! sterns up and 'eads too, towlin' and howlin', and chirpin', as though they had a fox before them. Butchers' dogs, curs, setters, mastiffs, and mongrels of all sorts and sizes, flew out as they went, some joinin' cry, others worryin' and fightin' their way, but still the body of the pack kept movin' onward at a splittin' pace, down the London-road, as wild as hawks, without turning to the right or the left, until they all flew, like a flock of pigeons, clean out of sight. 'Oh, dear! oh, dear!' cried I, pullin' up, fairly exhausted, at the third mile stone, by the cross-roads to Gabriel's House and Knowlton, 'I've lost my 'ounds, and I'm ruined for ever.' 'Blow your 'orn!' cried a countryman who was sittin' on the stone, they are not far afore you, and the dogs not far afore them;' but blow me tight, I was so blown myself, that I could'nt raise a puff—easier to blow one's 'orse than one's 'orn. To add to my grief and infinite mortification, Binjimin came poundin' and clatterin' along the hard road, holloain' out as he went, 'Buy Lob*ster!* fine Lob*ster!*'"

We need only add to this, that Binjimin is Mr. Jorrocks' 'cute boy, who becomes infinitely amusing as we get better acquainted with him.

No language we could use would be nearly so forcible as that of the accomplished M. F. H.; so we take a portion of his lecture on horse-buying for our second and last illustration:—

"'Warrantin' an 'os is highly inconwenient,

'specially when you've reason to know he's a *screw*, and it requires a good deal of management to ewade the question so as not to diminish the price. I generally tries to laugh it off, sayin', 'Vy, really warrantin' is quite out of fashion, and never thought of at Tat's;' or if the buyer is a young 'un and apparently werdant, I says, 'Why, faith, *I* should say he's all right; but you can see the oss yourself, and can judge better nor I.' Men that have much business of this sort ought to keep a slippery-tongued grum, to whom they can refer a purchaser in an off 'and sort of way, as though it were beneath their dignity to know nothin' of the kind, and wished the grum to give every possible information, which the warmint knows a great deal better than do. A respectable lookin' grum wot can lie like truth is truly inwaluable to gen'lemen of this description. If a man is rich, he may cheat you with impunity; it is only poor men wot suffer in consequence. Honesty is of no use to licensed 'oss dealers. Every man supposes they are rogues, and treat them accordingly. Who does not remember old bottled-nosed Richards? When any one axed his number, he said, 'Oh, you ax any shop-keeper in Hoxford Street where the biggest rogue lives, and he'll be sure send you to me!' But to the warranty: as I said before, it's werry inconwenient warrantin'; and if a customer sticks to his point, it is not a bad dodge to try and puzzle him by makin' him explain wot *he* means by a sound 'oss; and if he gets any way near the point, ax him if he can lay his 'and on his 'art, and say that he is not only sound but free from all impendin' disease. I once frightened a chap uncommon when we got this far, by exclaimin', 'I'm dashed if there aint a hectic flush on your mug at this moment that looks werry like consumption.' He closed the bargain immediately; and under pretence of writin' a cheque, went into the 'ouse, and had a good look at himself in the glass. Tat. is werry clever at this work; and when a Johnny Raw axes him if he warrants an 'oss sound, he exclaims, with a hair of astonishment, '*Warrant him sound!* Why, sir, I wouldn't *warrant* that he's an 'oss—let alone that he's sound'—haw, haw, haw. My friend Dickey Grunt, who lisps werry much, did a clever thing in this line t'other day. He sold an uncommon green 'orn a broken-winded 'oss, *lith*ping out when ax'd if he warranted him sound, 'Oh, in courthe, like all men I warrant him thound;' whereupon the youth paid the money, and dispersed for a ride. Presently he comes back with a werry long wissage, and said, 'Vy, sir, this 'ere 'oss is broken-winded.' 'I knows it,' says Dick. 'Then, sir, you must take him back and return me my swag, for you warranted him sound.' 'No thuch thing, my good fellow,' replied Dick, 'you mithtook me altogether: I thaid I *wanted* him thound! not that I warranted him thound.' —(loud laughter). Old Joe Smith in Chiswell Street had a wicious nag, wot would neither ride, nor drive, nor 'unt, nor do any thing that a nag ought. Well, Joe took him to Barnet fair, where he fell in with a swaggerin' chap in tight nankeens and hessians, who axed him, in a hoff 'and sort of way, if he knowed of any thing that would knock his buggy about, to which Joe conscientiously replied he did, and sold him his 'oss. Having got the blunt, Joe left the town, for Barnet is only a dull place; when wot should come past him, like a flash of lightenin', but his old nag, with his 'ead in the air, kickin' and millin' the splash-board of a tidy yellow buggy, with a eane back, and red wheels picked out with green. Presently, up came the owner on a grey poster, with the traces all danglin' at his 'eels; and jist as he neared Joe, the old nag charged the rails of the new mound, snappin' the jimmey-shafts like carrots, and leavin' the rest of the buggy scattered all over the road. 'Hooi, you rogue! you willain! you waggabone!' roared the buyer, gaspin' with rage and fatigue, 'I'll teach you to sell sich nags to family men of fortin! You've all but been the death of Mrs. and Miss Juggins and myself. Where do you live, you complicated abomination of a scoundrel?' Now Joe, who is a hoiley little chap, cunnin' as the devil, and not easily put out of his way, 'special ven it's his interest not to be so, let Jug. run on till he was fairly blown, when he werry coolly observed, jinglin' the odd pewter in his breeches-pocket, 'My dear sir, you are labourin' under a werry considerable mistake. If you call to mind what you axed me, it was, if I knowed an 'oss to *knock* your buggy about; and, egad! if he hasn't done it to the letter (pointin' to the remnants on the road), I don't know what knockin' about is.' 'Haw, haw, haw!' laughed Mr. Jorrocks, a chuckle in which the majority of the company joined. Another chap that I know had an 'oss that was a capital 'unter, and good at every thing but 'arness, which his soul disdained. Well, it didn't suit the owner's convenience to keep any thing but wot the lawyers call *qui tam*'ers, that is to say, 'osses wot will ride as well as drive; so he looked out for a customer, and presently found a soft-ish sort of chap in green spectacles, who, having tried him to ride, axed if he was quiet in 'arness. To this the owner had no hesitation in sayin' yes, for he had seen the nag standin' in 'arness without movin' a muscle; but when the buyer wanted to tack a carriage *to the 'arness*—oh, my eyes! that was quite a different story; and my lord rebelled, and kicked the *woiture* to bits. The buyer tried to return him; but the owner conwinced him he was wrong—at least he conwinced him he would not take him back, which was pretty nearly the same thing. Daddy Higgins in Rupert Street had just such an 'oss as Joe Smith's—one of the reg'lar good for nothin's, and sold him to a quaker to draw his cruelty wan, assurin' him, when axed if he was quiet in harness, that it would delight Hobadiah's eyes to see him draw. Well, the quaker tried to tackle him, but the 'oss soon sent his 'eels through the splash-board; and when Hobadiah remonstrated, all the Daddy did was to laugh, and assure him it would delight *his* eyes too to see him draw, for the 'oss would never bear a pair of shafts in his life."

Nothing can be better than the cockney fun of this performance,—it is a laugh throughout, with many traits of information concealed in the merriment.

Critical and Historical Essays, contributed to the Edinburgh Review. By T. B. Macaulay. 3 vols. 8vo. Longman & Co.

A MODEST, and rather apologetic, preface ushers these brilliant and eloquent effusions into the world, not as the anonymous rank and file of review, but as the separate and acknowledged troop of a distinguished leader in the wars of criticism. As the Scotch proverb says, "Corbies dinna pick out corbies' een," (which may be translated into English, "Crows do not pick out crows' eyes;") so do we feel it would be an unnatural act for us to set to work at finding faults in the writer's views or style: critics ought not to pick out critics' eyes, but feast, as best they may, upon the food provided for them by simpler creatures. We therefore leave Milton and Montgomery, Hallam and Southey, Moore and Croker, Macintosh and Gladstone, Lord Holland and Warren Hastings, to the likings and dislikings, the eulogies and untender mercies, of their reviewer, whose well-known opinions point out the course he would be likely to take in favour of those who agree with, and against those who differ from him (for a reviewer who makes choice of his subject is not an abstraction, but is led to the choice by his own preconceived notions); and be content to state, what is, indeed, a mere truism, that whether in praise or disparagement, Mr. Macaulay has displayed great abilities in these essays; that he is sometimes flowery enough, often eloquent, and, when he pleases, argumentative and biting. That he has read and thought much, is principally apparent in his historical pieces; that he possesses taste and feeling, is often manifest in his remarks on poetical works; and that he is a decided partisan in principles (agreeable to those of the *Review* in which he wrote), is distinct enough in his political disquisitions. But the right light in which to consider these volumes is, as the production of a man of undoubted genius, and a worthy contributor to the literature of the age.

*** In connexion with publications of this description, though it does not fall regularly within our scope, we cannot refrain from mentioning a volume published by Carey and Hart of Philadelphia (pp. 354), and entitled, "*Critical and Miscellaneous Writings of T. Noon Talfourd, Author of 'Ion.'*" This is also a pleasant contribution to the *belles lettres*, and contains above a score of the learned and accomplished writer's papers from the *New Monthly Magazine*, the *Retrospective Review*, the *Edinburgh Review*, and other periodicals. They are mostly of a dramatic turn; but the novelists of the day, poets, the pulpit, the bar, and various topics of interest, are discussed in a manner to do justice to the high public reputation of Sergeant Talfourd, to whose exertions the authors of England, and all concerned in their labours, owe so deep a debt of gratitude. It is not a little singular, that the most vehement assault which he received in the House of Commons should have come from the gentleman whose name precedes his in this notice. It was Greek meeting Greek on that floor; now, here are their similar lucubrations linked peacefully together, to the honour of both.

"Twinn'd brothers of one womb, whose procreation,
Residence, and birth, scarce is dividant."

Elements of Electro-Metallurgy. By Alfred Smee, F.R.S. 2d edit. London, E. Palmer; Longmans.

We have already noticed the first edition of this work (*Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1255, p. 83); and many of the comments which we then made will apply with equal force to the second edition: the book is, however, really revised, and a great deal of additional matter given, which fills the volume more appropriately than the trade-catalogue. Its merits consist in the exhibition of a considerable practical knowledge of the subject, a careful and extensive series of experiments, a greater degree of originality, and less dependence upon the results of others than is generally to be met with in works of this description: its faults are, an unusual egotism, an unsound theorising, and a want of acquaintance with the ordinary rules of literary composition. This latter fault we should not notice—as purity of style is not to be expected in a practical work of this nature—but that there is a pretension in some parts of the book

which brings to the mind of the reader the maxim of "*ne sutor.*"

There are two appendices contained in this edition, which we shall presently notice; but before doing so, we wish to make a few remarks upon the introductory chapter, which treats of the history of electro-metallurgy, and contains matter from which, we think, some useful deductions may be made. The well-known rejection of Spencer's paper at the British Association is commented on by Mr. Smee, and leads to some observations on scientific societies in general, made in no improper spirit. It is a fact now notorious that some of the most valuable discoveries in science have not appeared in the Transactions of Societies professing for their object the promotion of science. But though the defect is unquestionable, the remedy is by no means easy. An unknown tyro communicates to a society results on a given subject, which he deems valuable—to whom can the society commit the examination of his memoir? Certainly not to those versed only in other branches of science; but if committed to those engaged in similar researches, and who ought to be the best judges, these same parties are those whose interest it is to repress any thing which may tend to throw them into the shade; and unfortunately we seldom find human nature virtuous enough to exalt a rival. An influential man of science may always find plausible reasons for rejecting a paper: the evil is the greater, because the more valuable the matter, the more likely it is to be "pooh-poohed!" How is this to be remedied? Generally by time and energy on the part of the aspirant. The oft-iterated quotation should be the motto of the ill-used claimant,

"Who would be free, himself must strike the blow!"

But, while we assert that a proper self-reliance, and a firm, but not obtrusive, perseverance, will ensure success, with or without the aid of these societies, we, at the same time, wish that the really great men of science would, for the sake of its advancement, exert themselves more to foster talent, and not leave the diplomacy of science to little-minded monopolists.

To return. Mr. Smee himself, while objecting to the *cliquerie* of scientific societies, too much undervalues some of the discoveries of others. In speaking of those of Jacobi and Spencer (p. xxi.), he says, that they were "merely the application of a fact formerly known to Daniell, recorded by De la Rue, and observed by hundreds of others: that both Spencer and Jacobi could work only in copper, and in no other metal; while had they prosecuted their researches as a science, they would have seen that the same laws regulate the reduction of all the metals."

This is neither liberal nor just; the essence of all scientific discoveries consists in seeing the *value* of a fact passed over by others. One of the definitions of wit was, that it consisted in "saying that which when said, every one wondered had not been said by himself:" and so it is in science; all, or at least by far the majority of important discoveries consist in seeing that which any one might have seen, but no one did see. The application of electro-reduction to other metals was easy after the discoveries of Jacobi* and Spencer—they saw what Daniell, De la Rue, and the hundreds of others, did not see. Before they had time to extend their researches, the subject becoming open was immediately taken up by a thousand and one improvers and extenders.

At p. xxv. is noticed a much more important claimant for the honour of originating electro-metallurgy than the hundreds above mentioned. Mr. Brayley, it is stated, pointed out to Mr. Smee the following passage contained in the *Philosophical Magazine for* 1805, being an extract of a letter from Brugnatelli to Van Mons:—"I have lately gilt, in a complete manner, two large silver medals by bringing them into communication, by means of a steel-wire, with the negative pole of a voltaic pile, and keeping them one after the other immersed in *ammoniuret of gold*, newly made and well saturated."

Here is one of the most valuable facts of electro-metallurgy circumstantially described thirty-seven years before a patent was taken out for the same process; and if the honour of the discovery be denied to Brugnatelli, it can only be because he did not sufficiently enlarge upon its importance.

We have taken this opportunity of making some general comments upon subjects connected with this history of electro-metallurgy; and having in our previous notice mentioned the principal portions of the body of Mr. Smee's book, we shall not again go over it, but pass to the two appendices. The first gives a summary of the patents taken out for application of the science, with some remarks on the law of patents, which, though not uncalled-for, are rather inconclusive; the second is a species of scientific paper, entitled "On the intimate *rationale* of the voltaic force, comprising the unity of the properties of matter, and probably of its composition." It contains a somewhat obscurely worded theory, which seeks to make every natural phenomenon dependent upon electricity; it is one of the many wild attempts at generalisation which are so frequent with young philosophers, full of the words "may be," "might be," "appears to be," "probably," &c. This crystallisation, aggregation, cohesion, gravitation, chemical composition, heat, light, sound, magnetism, are stated, some positively, others probably, to be effects of electricity. This view is, in fact, little short of making electricity a deity. That electricity is associated in a way unknown to us with all the functions of matter, is probable; and this is equally predicable of heat, light, and the other imponderables. But these hasty attempts at causative unity are neither new nor valuable; and the book before us would, we think, have been better without them. The frontispiece of Mr. Smee's book is an emblazonment of electro-gilding; and in the title-page is a curiously executed medallion, in which Mr. Smee's initials are surrounded by a collection of names, where scientific discoverers and commercial patentees are strangely blended.

* Jacobi, we believe, did immediately extend his researches to other metals.

TRAVELS IN MEXICO.

[Fourth notice.]

THERE seem to be many paintings in various other religious houses, such as the Cathedral of Morelia, which belong to the best Spanish school, and would, no doubt, be highly prized in Europe; but we can only mention the fact, and together with the striking accounts of the strange church-ceremonies, penances, processions, fêtes, &c. &c., which appear to fill half the days and nights of the year in Mexico, leave them to the readers of Madame Calderon's narrative. A visit to the remarkable cave of Cacahuamilpa rather disappoints us; its satisfactory exploration was too much for a lady, though our gallant authoress on many occasions underwent fatigues, dangers, and privations, with masculine courage and fortitude. Indeed no one can travel in Mexico without being prepared for such vicissitudes as long fasts, miserable lodgings, tiresome journeys, and the risk of robbers. We quote only a part regarding the cave, as it throws a light upon other inquiries in which the *Literary Gazette* is engaged.

"We passed on into the second *sala*, collecting as we went fragments of the shining stones, our awe and astonishment increasing at every step. Sometimes we seemed to be in a subterranean Egyptian temple. The architecture was decidedly Egyptian, and the strange forms of the animals resembled those of the uncouth Egyptian idols; which, together with the pyramids and obelisks, made me think, that perhaps that ancient people took the idea of their architecture and of many of their strange shapes from some natural cave of this description, just as nature herself suggested the idea of the beautiful Corinthian pillar. Again, we seemed to enter a tract of country which had been petrified. Fountains of congealed water, trees hung with frozen moss, pillars covered with gigantic acanthus-leaves, pyramids of ninety feet high losing their lofty heads in the darkness of the vault, and looking like works of the pre-Adamites; yet no being but He who inhabits eternity could have created them. This second hall, as lofty as the other, may be nearly four hundred feet in length. We then passed into a sort of double gallery, separated by enormous pyramidal formations—*stalagmites*, those which are formed by water dropping on the earth. The ground was damp, and occasionally great drops trickled on our heads from the vaults above. Here Gothic shrines, odd figures; some that look like mummies, others like old men with long beards, appal us like figures that we see in some wild dream. These are intermingled with pyramids, obelisks, baths that seem made of the purest alabaster, &c. A number of small round balls, petrifactions of a dead white, lie about here, forming little hollows in the ground. Here the cave is very wide—about two hundred feet, it is said. When we left this double gallery, we came to another vast corridor, supported by lofty pillars, covered with creeping plants, but especially with a row of the most gigantic cauliflowers, each leaf delicately chiseled, and looking like a fitting food for the colossal dwellers of the cavern. But to attempt any thing like a regular description is out of the question. We gave ourselves up to admiration, as our torches flashed upon the masses of rock, the hills crowned with pyramids, the congealed torrents that seem to belong to winter at the north pole, and the lofty Doric columns that bring us back to the pure skies of Greece. But amongst all these curious accidents produced by water, none is more curiously exquisite than an amphitheatre, with regular benches, surmounted by a great organ, whose pipes, when struck, give forth a deep sound. It is really difficult not to believe that some gigantic race once amused themselves in these petrified solitudes, or that we have not invaded the sanctuary of some mysterious and superhuman beings. It is said that this cavern has been explored for four leagues, and yet that no exit has been discovered. As for us, I do not know how far we went: our guides said a league. It seemed impossible to think of time when we looked at these great masses, formed drop by drop, slowly and rarely and at distant intervals falling, and looked back upon the

ages that must have elapsed since these gigantic formations began."

The external world affords a fine contrast, for the "valley of Atlisco, as indeed the whole department of Puebla, is noted for its fertility, and its abundant crops of maguey, wheat, maize, frijoles, garbanzos, barley, and other vegetables, as well as for the fineness of its fruits, its chirimoyas, &c. There is a Spanish proverb which says,

'Si a morar en Indias feures,
Que sea doude los volcanes vieres.'

'If you go to live in the Indias, let it be within sight of the volcanoes;' for it appears that all the lands surrounding the different volcanoes are fertile and enjoy a pleasant climate. The great Cordilleras of Anahuac cross this territory, and amongst these are the Mountain of the Malinchi, Ixtaccihuatl, Popocatepetl, and the Peak of Orizava."

In returning to the coast for home, after the embassy was ended, the details of the journey are very diversified and well told. Among other affairs, two robbers were committed to their escort; and they had the annoyance of their company for several days.

"Two disagreeable personages were added to our party. Early in the morning intelligence was brought that a celebrated robber, named Morales, captain of a large band, had been seized along with one of his companions; and permission was requested to take advantage of our large escort, in order that they may be safely conducted to Uruapa, where they are to be shot, being already condemned to death. The punishment of hanging is not in use in Mexico. The first thing, therefore, that we saw on mounting our horses was the two robbers, chained together by the leg, guarded by five of our lancers, and prepared to accompany us on foot. The companion of Morales was a young vulgar-looking ruffian, his face livid, and himself nearly naked; but the robber-captain himself was equal to any of Salvator's brigands in his wild and striking figure and countenance. He wore a dark-coloured blanket, and a black hat, the broad leaf of which was slouched over his face, which was the colour of death, while his eyes seemed to belong to a tiger or other beast of prey. I never saw such a picture of fierce misery. Strange to say, this man began life as a shepherd; but how he was induced to abandon this pastoral occupation, we did not hear. For years he has been the scourge of the country, robbing to an unheard-of extent (so that, whatever he may have done with them, tens of thousands of dollars have passed through his hands,) carrying off the farmers' daughters to the mountains; and, at the head of eighty ruffians, committing the most horrible disorders. His last crime was murdering his wife in the mountains, the night before last, under circumstances of barbarity too shocking to relate; and, it is supposed, assisted by the wretch now with him. After committing the crime, they ran to hide themselves in an Indian village, as the Indians, probably from fear, never betray the robbers. However, their horror of this man was so great, that perfect hate cast out their fear; and, collecting together, they seized the ruffians, bound them, and carried them to Pascuaro, where they were instantly tried, and condemned to be shot; the sentence to be executed at Uruapa. The sight of these miserable wretches, and the idea of what their feelings must be, occupied us as they toiled along, each step bringing them nearer to their place of execution; and we could not help thinking what wild wishes must have sometimes throbbed within them, of breaking their bonds, and dashing away from their guards—away through the dark woods, over mountain and river, down that almost perpendicular precipice, over the ravine, up that green and smiling hill, and into these gloomy pine-woods, in whose untrod recesses they would be secure from pursuit—and then their despair when they felt the heavy clanking chain on their bare feet, and looked at the lances and guns that surrounded them, and knew that even if they attempted to fly, could they be insane enough to try it, a dozen bullets would stop their career for ever. Then horror and disgust at the recollection of their savage crimes took the place of pity, and not even '——'s suggestion, that the robber-chief might have killed his wife in a transport of jealousy, could lessen our indignation at this last most barbarous murder of a defenceless woman. But these thoughts took away half the pleasure of this most beautiful journey, through wild woods, where for leagues and leagues we meet nothing but the fatal cross; while through these woods of larches, cedars, oaks, and pines, are bright vistas of distant pasture-fields, and of lofty mountains covered with forests. Impossible to conceive a greater variety of beautiful scenery—a greater waste of beauty, if one may say so—for not even an Indian hut was to be seen, nor did we meet a single passing human being, nor a trace of cultivation. As we came out of the woods we heard a gun fired amongst the hills, the first token of human life that had greeted us since we left Pascuaro. This, Senor —— told us, was the signal-gun usually fired by the Indians on the approach of an armed troop, warning their brethren to hide themselves. Here the Indians rarely speak Spanish, as those do who live in the neighbourhood of cities. Their language is chiefly the harmonious Tarrascan. * * * About four o'clock we arrived at the small village of Tziracuaratiro, a collection of Indian cottages, with little gardens, surrounded by orange and all manner of fruit trees. As we had still one or two hours of daylight, and this was our next halting-place, we wandered forth on foot to explore the environs, and found a beautiful shady spot, a grassy knoll, sheltered by the surrounding woods, where we sat down to rest and to inhale the balmy air, fragrant with orange-blossom. We were amused by a sly-looking Indian, of whom C——n asked some questions, and who was exceedingly talkative, giving us an account of his whole *ménage*, and especially praising beyond measure his own exemplary conduct to his wife, from which I infer that he beats her, as indeed all Indians consider it their particular privilege to do; and an Indian woman who complained to a *padre* of her husband's neglect, mentioned, as the crowning proof of his utter abandonment of her, that he had not given her a beating for a whole fortnight. Some one asked him if he allowed his wife to govern him. 'Oh! no,' said he, 'that would be the mule leading the arriero!' * * * One must visit these distant cities, and see these great establishments, to be fully aware of all that the Spaniards bestowed upon their colonies, and also to be convinced of the regret for former times which is felt amongst the most distinguished men of the republic; in fact, by all who are old enough to compare what has been with what is. I ought not to omit, in talking of the natural productions of Valladolid, to mention that it is famous for fleas. We had been alarmed by the miraculous stories related to us of these vivacious animals, and were rejoiced to find ourselves in a house, from which, by dint of extreme care, they are banished. But in the inns and inferior houses they are said to be a perfect pestilence, sometimes literally walking away with a piece of matting upon the floor, and covering the walls in myriads. The nuns, it is said, are or were in the habit of harnessing them to little carriages, and of shewing them off by other ingenious devices."

So there is nothing new under the sun; and even the shew of the Industrious Fleas in London is borrowed from Mexico: — respecting which country we need but repeat, that readers who want to know its existing condition have only to recreate themselves with Madame Calderon's excellent work.

Thermal Comfort; or, Popular Hints for Preservation against Colds, Coughs, and Consumption. By Sir George Lefevre, M.D., late Physician to the British Embassy at the Court of St. Petersburg, &c. &c. Pp. 31. London, J. Churchill.

THE author of this little pamphlet is, we believe, an able physician and a good man. His object, at all events, in preventing rather than curing diseases is, on the part of a professional man, deserving of much credit. The most acknowledged truths often require to be frequently repeated before they are generally put into practice. So it is with thermal comfort: what Dr. Binns styles the barbarous practice of a sudden transit from a hot parlour to an icy bed-room, is still unremedied by many who can well afford to obviate inconveniences productive of disastrous results to health. Sir G. Lefevre's pamphlet contains many curious experiences upon the subject, derived from his sojourn in Russia. He points out how incorrect it is to suppose that the inhabitants of cold countries are less sensible to cold than we are; the fact is, that they prepare themselves better to meet it, and guard more carefully against it, than we are in the habit of doing. This is still more the case in what Humboldt calls "extreme climates," or where the summers are hot and winters very cold, as in North America and in Western Asia. In the latter countries furs are in universal use in winter, although almost unknown in this country. The author strongly recommends double windows; and there are besides many other hints, which we recommend to the perusal of the delicate, and of those to whom they may be both interesting and valuable.

Herbert Tresham: a Tale of the Great Rebellion. By the Rev. J. M. Neale, B.A. Pp. 154. London, Rivingtons; Cambridge, Stevenson.

A TALE in which the wickedness of the Puritans and the sufferings of the Church under their persecutions in the time of Charles I., are strongly set forth, and an argument thence deduced against their sectarian doctrines, and in favour of the national establishment. Much of it is drawn from the writings of the day.

The Life of Robert Pollok, author of the "Course of Time." By his Brother, D. Pollok, A.M.; with Selections from his Manuscripts. Pp. 453. Edinburgh and London, Blackwoods.

THERE is a great deal to interest literary men, and particularly poets, in this publication; but we fear that its general tenor is more calculated to gratify friendly and fraternal feelings than to recommend it to the world at large. Poor Pollok, with all his genius, was snatched early away from a career which did not promise much happiness in life, unless it were derived from his pursuits, and not from the fruit of public applause. Perhaps the grave is preferable to a long "course of time," marked by poverty and disappointment, to such spirits as these!

Spiridion. By George Sand. Pp. 320. London, C. Fox.

We can understand substantial, real, genuine self-indulgence and vice. We can fancy ourselves a marquis of unlimited fortune and unscrupulous depravity. But to reward this troublesome conception there must be an easiness and naturalness (even in the anti-natural means) which agrees with the Sybaritish recklessness and disregard of all but the pleasures of the one unit, *myself*. Now our clever and utterly unprincipled George (Madame) Sand (Dudevant) has chosen to mix up this piece of doctrine with so much of German and ghostly mysticism, that we care not to say a word against her spirit and talent.

The Scottish Peasant's Fireside, &c. By A. Bethune, Labourer. Pp. 330. Edinburgh, A. and C. Black; London, Longmans.

Ne sutor ultra crepidam would be ill applied to our "labourer," we believe, in real life as in the fields of literature. These descriptive essays are alike honourable to his heart and his perception of national characteristics; and his portraiture of the peasant feelings and habits of Scotland is extremely good, and marked by traits of intelligence of which even a (Glenburnie) Hamilton or Burns might be proud.

Judas: a Tragic Mystery. By Digby P. Starkey, A.M. 8vo, pp. 230. Dublin, W. Curry, jun., and Co.; London, Longmans.

It is dangerous to play with edged tools; and we fear that Mr. Starkey has here attempted a theme of equal or greater danger in incompetent hands. Judas and the demons make a sad pother in these pages; and though there are poetical passages here and there, the whole revolts our feelings. What, for example, can be more repugnant to good taste than the following verse (one of several) of a chorus descriptive of hell?—

> "Where the cool breeze sigheth not,
> And the dust with dews undrenchèd;
> Where the worm dieth not,
> And the fire is never quenchèd."

The author has lost himself in mystery.

The Seven Sermons preached at the Consecration and Re-opening of the Parish-Church of Leeds. 2d edit. pp. 221. Leeds, T. W. Green.

More of local than of general interest, yet possessing claims to the latter, this volume is handsomely printed and ornamented, much in the style of the old Roman Catholic publications, which has been adopted by a section of the Church of England. The preachers were, Bp. Doane of New Jersey, the Rev. W. Dodsworth, Dr. Hook, the Rev. W. Gresley, Dr. C. Musgrave, the Rev. J. Jebb, and Archdeacon Wilberforce.

The Divine Warning to the Church, &c. By the Rev. E. Bickersteth. Dalton.

Mr. Bickersteth holds that the 6th vial of the Apocalypse is being now poured out; and he earnestly invokes Protestants to "come out of Rome."

DELICIÆ SCIENTIARUM.—NO. III.

O'Mullins on Discoveries.

Prof. Terentius O'Mullins, when a young man, had a monomania for finding out novelties, the climax of which was finding himself out of pocket. But philosophy is the natural product of poverty, and as his pocket emptied, his head filled. The money-mist, that terrible clouder of mental vision, never troubled him afterwards, but rolled away from the majestic mountain of his intellectual brow to settle thick on the brains of his contemporaries. The distinguished university of Connemara, to which he had the honour to belong, had too great a regard for the purity of science to offer pecuniary recompense to any one of its members, and though the professor was vice-chancellor and master of all the colleges, he was not a *sous* the richer for all his honours, and the world in general thought it a pity to spoil the beautiful simplicity of his scientific character, by affording him the means of purchasing meat to eat with his murphies and salt. Terry didn't care one straw. He scorned the great globe and all its heretics. He concentrated his warm affections in a few trusty friends, all the ladies, many books, and some potheen. In the words of the student's song—

> Give him good books to read, and fair maids to adore,
> With bright wine to pledge them—he asked for no more!

Among the peculiar views characteristic of the professor, and remarkable for the depth of analysis in which lay their philosophic beauty, was his doctrine on the subject of discoveries. Discoveries, he taught, are of two kinds, *those made before a thing is found out*, and *those made after*. He regarded as a popular error the idea, that finding out a thing for the first time, or developing a law never thought of before, was a discovery. He appealed to the history of discoveries to prove his point, and shewed by numerous instances selected from all ages, how the moment a philosopher makes what he calls a discovery, two others immediately rise up, the one to prove that the supposed discovery was made by somebody else, and the other to state that he did the very same thing himself long ago, and knew it perfectly well, satisfactorily shewing that he himself, and not the finder-out, should receive the honours. The world usually admits the claim, lionises the claimant, and starves the finder-out. After the death of both parties, in order to shew its perfect impartiality, it reverses its decision, builds a monument to the finder-out, and leaves a blank mark against the name of the claimant. Afterthoughts are always the best.

The professor illustrated this view of the question by instances carefully selected from the history of science; but, in order that his disciples might not associate his views with the past only, he was in the habit of predicting imaginary instances. "I have no doubt, my friends," he used to say, "by and by, when all the geological people will be breaking their stony hearts about glaciers, and growing warm upon ice, that supposing Agassiz, for instance, should find out the true solution of the question, one of his countrymen, because he has cocked his eye against the blue of a glacier from the time he was a cowboy till he assumed the dimensions of a full-grown William Tell, will prove to the satisfaction of the stupid and discontented that he found the thing all out himself, and that it was all stolen from him; whilst another will demonstrate, with equal zeal for science, that it had been made perfectly plain long before in the works of the omniscient vice-chancellor of German literature, the many-sided Goethe, barring that nobody could understand the passage till now. Never, boys," was his advice; "never be the first to make a discovery. Ye'll get no credit for it, if you put yourselves in such an awkward position. Always come second, and ye'll get all the fame, and have your modesty applauded into the bargain."

Having thus explained clearly the nature of discoveries, the professor would then go on to point out the easiest mode of making them. "The patent, never-failing, cocksure highroad to reputation in these days, boys (he would say this with great earnestness and energy), is through the tube of a microscope. It's a narrow way and slippery, but it's a sure one; for ye can stumble through it plump upon a new fact without requiring the slightest previous preparation. Ye can be an anatomist without knowing anatomy, a botanist without botany, a chemist without chemistry, and a zoologist without zoology. And betther still—if ye can only coax a lord to do your microscope the favour of putting his right eye to the little hole on the top, ye can extract a dinner out of a bumbee's wing." But it was'nt in the professor's gizzard to be serious throughout the lecture; so after giving a general view of microscopical science, he desired Mick to strike up the national English air of "Bow, wow, wow," and accompanied it with the following—

Chanson Microscopique.

Of all the great discoveries in latter years made known,
There are few like those which Ehrenberg is finding out in stone;
No wonder that philosophers about them write and talk;
For he shews that animalculæ are even *up to chalk!*
Oh my eye!
What a help a microscope is *to* my eye!

Where'er the mighty Prussian goes, there Rotifers are too;
And stuffing them with indigo, he makes them all look blue:
Rock, mud, and water, clay and sand, to find them he explores;
And since of late he's ta'en to *chalk*, he opens *many scores!*
Oh, &c.

The little brutes invisible he everywhere finds out;
Through land and sea their skeletons are scattered about;
Our very walls their tiny skins have furnish'd with the plaster:
A *hard* fate truly theirs, when dead to turn to *alabaster!*
Oh, &c.

Yet when alive, although so small, these microscopic animals
Ferociously each other munch, like Australasian cannibals;
And to indulge this appetite, which delicate as great is,
Each carries pack'd up in his trunk a cooking apparatus!
Oh, &c.

Odd appellations have they got to suit their forms so strange,
Which twist, and twirl, and wheel about, with everlasting change;
Odd places are their habitats, yet wherefore should we doubt,
If monsters so extravagant be sometimes up the spout!
Oh, &c.

No living thing is made in vain—a law who dare deny?
So infusorials were made in water to supply
Tee-totallers with nourishment; and now we also know
Grog doth its strength to Volvices, and not to spirit owe!
Oh, &c.

Thus Ehrenberg's discoveries lead to this grand conclusion
(That is, supposing all be right and barring all delusion),—
That little folks look big among the less distinguish'd classes,
According to the quality and number of the glasses!
Oh my eye!
What a help a microscope is to my eye!

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

OUR LATEST FROM EGYPT.

Sakkara, Feb. 13, 1843.

Dear Sir,—The Prussian mission removed from the Sphinx neighbourhood to this place on Saturday, having been three months in the former encampment. Our present position is much more agreeable than our last; the tents are placed on a ledge of rock, in which are vast excavations—tombs, that were formerly decorated with significant ornaments, now for the most part misshapen caverns, the rock in this part being extremely fragile and laminous.

One of these caverns serves us for stabling, another for kitchen, and the whole ledge protects us from the violent wind of the desert from the west, the rocks being close to our tents, standing up like a wall. To the east is the valley of the Nile, across which to the mountains on the Arabian side we have a delightful view, the whole space covered with green of various hue, the river itself hidden from this point by vast groves of date-trees that grow on the crude brick-walls of ancient Memphis. In the mountains opposite, distinctly seen from this side of the valley, are the quarries that furnished the stone for the crust of the great pyramids of Geza, and other buildings of importance throughout Egypt, as certain inscriptions that are found in them import. Immediately above and behind us, that is to the west, is the Campo Santo of Memphis, which extends for several miles north and south, including many pyramids, some now reduced to a mere heap of rubbish, and none in such perfect condition as those of Geza. There are no tombs here like those to the west of the great pyramid of Geza; most of them are deep pits leading to chambers, in which were deposited the sarcophagi. All the ground seems to have been turned up, judging from the monticules of sand, that extend in some directions as far as the eye can reach, and the quantity of broken pottery, alabaster vases, bones, and mummy-cloth, every where strewed about. In such abundance is the linen-cloth on this plain, that it was proposed to the bashaw some years ago to erect a paper-mill: this art, however, is not among those that have been lately introduced into Egypt. I shall have the pleasure of writing to you from this place again, when I hope to be able to give you more information; for as yet we have been able to creep into only one or two tombs which the sand had not completely filled. We have heard from Cairo, that the bashaw is preparing a second expedition for the White River (Bahr-el-Abiad).

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

March 10. — Mr. Smee, "On electro-metallurgy," practically illustrated the principles of this recent and interesting art, pointing out the difficulties that present themselves, and explaining the means by which they are to be met and surmounted. He also, in conclusion, offered his views on the origin, source, or cause of electricity. We have weeks ago written our opinion and thoughts arising from a perusal of Mr. Smee's work on this subject, and take this opportunity of referring to them: they appear among the reviews of our present Number. In the course of the illustration, Mr. Smee directed attention to numerous and beautiful productions on the table, shewing the varied and valuable application of electro-metallurgy to the arts.* In the library, amongst other attractions, were exhibited by Mr. Fry the peculiar form and structure of several kinds of fish from Montego Bay, Jamaica—the finback, the flying gurnard, the leathercoat, the Spanish angel, the negro, the blue girl, &c. &c. The fish apparently had been cut in two lengthways; one half stuffed or otherwis eextended, and attached to cardboard; fins spread out, &c., conveying, with the assistance of varnish and a little colouring, we think, an accurate representation of the living creature fresh from its native element.

* Within this week a shop has been opened in lower Regent Street for the sale of electro-gilded and electro-plated articles: we were attracted to it by the taste of the arrangement and the beauty of the products of this new process.—*Ed. L. G.*

GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

March 13.—Sir C. Malcolm, vice-president, in the chair. Read: 1. A letter from Mr. Schomburgk, giving an account of his proceedings since his return from the Takutu. See extract from the *Guyana Herald*, in last week's *Literary Gazette*, p. 153. 2. A paper by Major Stirling, E. I. C.'s service, stating his opinion,—supported by passages from Scripture and by the abundance of petrified wood that is met with in the valley of the Nile,—that the desert about Cairo was in very remote times thickly wooded. 3. A paper by Mr. Higgs, "On the progressive rise of the river Thames, as indicated by the necessity for constantly increasing the height of the Thames marsh walls, and by the fact of old causeways, &c., found below the present level of high water in the river, and by other collateral evidence." 4. A letter from Major Rawlinson, "On the comparative geography of Upper India." As the proofs of identification of sites are drawn from etymologies and comparisons of the statements of various ancient authorities, this paper does not admit of being given in an abstracted form so as to afford any satisfactory evidence.

INSTITUTION OF CIVIL ENGINEERS.

March 14.—The president in the chair. Read, two papers by Mr. Rankine. The first described a practical method of setting out railway-curves with precision and despatch, dependent on the well known principle, "that the angle subtended at any point of the circumference of a circle by a given arc of that circle is equal to half of the angle subtended at the centre by the same arc:" the operation of this method was shewn to be practically superior from its correctness and simplicity to any other now in use among surveyors.

The second paper described an invention by Lieutenant Rankine for suiting the action of the springs of railway-carriages to variable loads: it consists in substituting for the usual shackles, or rollers, a small convex plate at each end of the springs, so adjusted, that when the carriage is not loaded, it bears on the extreme end giving the greater degree of flexibility; but owing to the convexity of the plate, the more the load is increased the nearer does the point of bearing of the plate upon the spring approach to the centre; thus giving it the necessary amount of stiffness to resist the pressure; the effect of the plate being virtually to diminish the length of the spring in proportion to the load, and thus to increase its strength in the inverse ratio of its length, and its stiffness in the inverse ratio of the cube of the same quantity. The experiments and the practical use of this contrivance on the Edinburgh and Dalkeith Railway fully proved its utility.

The paper by Mr. Simms, "On the application of horse-power to raising water," gave the results arrived at from the use of nearly a hundred horses working during stated periods daily at eleven shafts on the line of the Dover Railway, drawing water by barrels with "gin rolls" from an average depth of 104 feet. The length of time during which horses were employed enabled Mr. Simms to make extensive experiments, which were carefully tabulated with all the attendant circumstances; and the result appeared to be, that, rejecting all forced work, horses working constantly for three hours raised 32,943 pounds one foot high in a minute; while if they were forced to work constantly for six hours, they could only raise 24,360 pounds one foot high in a minute. These results differ materially from the data which have been hitherto received, inasmuch as the eight-hour experiments of Boulton and Watt give 33,000lbs., Tredgold 27,500 lbs., Sauveur 34,020 lbs., Desagulier 44,000 lbs. Mr. Simms found that if the horses were worked either a longer time or at a greater speed, they soon died; but that with an average speed and frequent relays they bore their work well. From the regularity and the extent of his experiments, he assumed them to be correct; although they differed from those which had hitherto been considered standard authorities on the subject.

The papers announced to be read at the next meeting were,—"Description of the automaton balance, invented by William Cotton, Esq., governor of the Bank of England," by T. Oldham; "Description of a smelting furnace and new filling barrow, in use at the Butterley iron works, Derbyshire," by S. C. Kreeft.

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

March 15.—Mr. J. A. Yates, vice-president, in the chair. Mr. Whishaw read a description of Casella's improved pluviometer, or rain-gauge, which consists of a hollow cylindrical vessel, 23 inches high, and $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches in diameter, mounted upon a hollow base, forming the segment of a cone, whose lower diameter is 13 inches; upper diameter, $3\frac{7}{8}$ inches, and height 8 inches—this may be filled with dry sand, or other substance, to give steadiness to the apparatus. It is furnished with three pointed legs, for the purpose of fixing it into the ground. At the top of the vertical cylinder is an open basin, of the same form and size as the base, perforated in the bottom with an aperture equal to $\frac{1}{12}$th inch in diameter, through which the rain collected in the basin descends to the bottom of the cylinder; and the height of the column of water so collected is shewn by a graduated glass tube attached to the cylinder, and communicating therewith at bottom. The tube is half an inch in diameter internally, and the graduation of the tube is in inches and tenths of an inch: the collective areas of the cylinder and glass tube being equal to $\frac{1}{10}$th of the area of the basin at top, a scale is readily formed for ascertaining the depth of rain fallen on the surface of the earth in a given time. The mode of adjusting the pluviometer is merely to fill the cylinder with water, exactly up to zero on the scale.

Mr. J. Smith explained the principles of representing inanimate objects on paper, according to the four systems of projection now in ordinary use among civil and military engineers, architects, and others, and which are termed orthographic, isometric, military, and perspective projections. The subject was fully illustrated by Mr. Smith's projective frame, and several ingenious models and diagrams.

ELECTRICAL SOCIETY.

Feb. 18.—Mr. Letheby delivered before the society, a lecture "On animal electricity," in illustration of the views he advanced in the paper read at the previous meeting. His object is, to shew the identity between the nervous energy and the electric power, especially developed in certain fish, but not exclusive to them.

21st.—Read, "An account of an experimental investigation of electrical phosphorescence in bodies," by Mr. T. Pollock. The apparatus employed was a Nairne's machine, 12 inches by 8; a Leyden jar, capacity about $3\frac{1}{2}$ gallons; and an universal discharger, hav-

ing an inverted pint-glass tumbler, upon which the body under examination was placed. Of all the substances (178 in number) tried, oxalic acid gave the most magnificent display, producing a phosphorescent shower. Muriate of baryta, to a less extent, gave the same phenomenon. The acetate and sulphate of potash, citric acid, and the saccharine bodies, act very well. The nitrates are generally cracked and dispersed by the discharge. Some of the bodies which had been kept in the state of powders did not phosphoresce, but the fresh powder did. This was the case with the supertartrate of potash, salt of sorrel, and fluor spar. Calcined magnesia phosphoresced after being heated over a spirit-lamp, but not before. The experiments, after being made in atmospheric air, were conducted in different media, and the phosphorescence of several was observed in oil and under water. The colour of the phosphorent light was bluish green, with scarcely any perceptible variation; but the colour of the light of the discharge itself appeared to be influenced by the nature of the body acted on. Thus, the calcareous bodies gave a red light; mercurial bodies, crimson; those of lead, a white; and the muriate of strontian, although it did not phosphoresce, still it gave the characteristic strontian light. Mr. Pollock, after classing characteristically and numerically those bodies which do, and those which do not, phosphoresce, draws the following inferences:—1st, those bodies that are chemically acted on during the discharge do not phosphoresce; neither, 2dly, do those substances in which atomic disturbance occurs, especially in respect of coloured bodies, several interesting examples of which are given, and in connexion with a former paper by Mr. Pollock, "On the connexion between the atomic arrangement and the conducting power of bodies." (See *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1112, p. 296).

Phosphorescence Mr. Pollock considers to be a phenomenon of *Electric Induction*. He says, as far as investigation has hitherto been carried, every electric phenomenon appears capable of being arranged as one either of induction or conduction; the former attendant upon disturbance, and the latter upon the restoration of the electric equilibrium in the body acted on. That phosphorescence is a phenomenon of induction, Mr. Pollock says, will scarcely admit of a doubt, when we consider that as soon as conduction occurs, as manifested by chemical action, or the presence of colour, the previous act of disturbance, or induction, is put a stop to, and no phosphorescence takes place. How, then, are bodies put into the state of induction essential to their phosphorescence? According to Black's law of latent heat, so long as the particles or atoms of the body subjected to the electric discharge remain unchanged in arrangement, or composition, none of the heat attendant on the discharge can pass through them. The attempt to pass, moreover, by charging the capacities of the two surfaces (that facing the heat being increased by expansion, whilst that of the opposite surface is diminished by contraction) defeats itself. And this attempt to do that which is impossible, namely, the heat to force itself through the particles of bodies subjected to electric discharge, in these experiments brings on the inductive stage, and the particles become electric. And to such action, according to Mr. Pollock, is phosphorescence due. But he says the resistance can only exist so long as the particles remain unchanged. If they divide, the resistance is gone, and the inductive stage at an end, and the heat passes. "Such is the phenomenon of an electric current; such is the phenomenon of conduction; thus it is that bodies whose particles decompose or change in arrangement during the electric discharge do not phosphoresce."

The secretary transmitted drawings of the appearances presented by a fracture which happened to one of the jars during the discharge of the Leyden battery of the Polytechnic Institution. Mr. Weekes commences his register of the present year by using for delicate tests the condenser and the multiplier.

PARIS LETTER.

Paris, March 4, 1843.

Academy of Sciences: sitting of March 6.—We have suppressed this week most of our Paris letter referring to the proceedings of the Academy, which were not of particular interest. The following is in continuation of the controversy between MM. Liebig and Dumas:—

According to MM. Dumas, Payen, and Boussingault, Liebig writes, the waxy or gummy matters produced in the organisation of plants change, in the animal body, into stearic, oleic, or margaric acid, for the formation of animal fat. Although the transformation of the wax into fat acids has never yet been observed, and however difficult it may be to conceive how a substance which is not saponifiable, and whose point of fusion is much more elevated than the temperature of an animal, could pass into its blood to be there oxygenated and transformed into stearic acid,—this opinion appeared to M. Liebig extremely probable, and he was tempted to admit it; but before doing so, he says, he was happily induced to examine the excrements of a cow which had been for a long time fed on hay and potatoes, and he found, to his great astonishment, that they yield nearly the whole of the fatty or waxy matter the food contained. The cow, which consumes daily 15 kilogrammes of potatoes and 7·5k. of hay, receives from them 126 grammes of matter soluble in ether; this in six days amounts to 756 grammes. The excrements would furnish in six days 747·56gr. But according to the experiments of M. Boussingault, a cow fed on potatoes and hay, according to the above ration, supplies in six days 64·92 litres of milk, which contain 3116 grammes of butter. It is, then, absolutely impossible that the 3116 grammes of butter in the milk of the cow could proceed from the 756 grammes of waxy substances contained in the food, since the excrements of the cow enclosed a quantity of matter soluble in ether equal to what had been consumed.

M. Dumas contended that this evidence was not conclusive, that a series of observations were necessary to establish the truth, and that the quantity of fatty matter extracted from the food may vary according to the process employed.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, March 9.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Master of Arts.—Rev. N. Morgan, Brasenose College.
Bachelor of Arts.—Rev. H. Taylor, Trinity College.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Feb. 9.—The foreign secretary read a portion of a paper "On the population of the nations of antiquity," by Professor Zumpt. Data for ascertaining the state of the population in ancient nations are comparatively very rare, and apply chiefly to that part of the world which was comprised within the limits of the Roman empire. It is an opinion expressed by Gibbon, that the population of the world had at no time been greater than in the age of the Antonines, the highest point of Roman prosperity, when the inhabitants of the empire amounted to about 120 millions. Mr. Zumpt, while declining to contest the historian's numbers, asserts, on the contrary, that so far from the fact being that the population of the ancient world was at that period at its acmè, it was then decidedly on the decline. This assertion he proceeded to verify by an examination of the state and circumstances of the population in Greece and Italy, the centre of the ancient world. That in the period between 760 and 500 years before Christ the Hellenic race developed an extraordinary degree of fecundity, is proved by the vast number of its colonies, although we are not to presume that the numerous emigrations which occurred were occasioned exclusively by a superabundance of population at home. It was about the year 500 B.C. that the greatest number of inhabitants were living, both in Greece itself and in those states to which she had given birth: from this period, in consequence of the war with Persia, of the contests for supremacy among the Greek states themselves, and other national disasters, the population diminished rapidly, notwithstanding the exertions made by several of them to maintain their numbers. This statement the writer illustrated at large in an examination of the evidence to be collected on this point from Herodotus, Aristotle, Polybius, and other writers, with respect to Sparta, Athens, Argos, Thebes, and some of the minor states. In the course of this inquiry, he noticed and corrected a mistake of Mr. Fynes Clinton,—scarcely credible (he observes) in so learned and in general so accurate a writer,—that the population of the Peloponnesus and of Greece generally was very little, if at all, reduced before its subjection to the Romans.

23d. Mr. J. S. Perring, from whose surveys and measurements of the pyramids of Egypt the plates in Col. Vyse's splendid work were executed, exhibited a sectional model of the great pyramid. On this ingenious representation of the most gigantic monument of antiquity, Mr. Perring made a variety of observations, explaining its internal structure, with the probable purpose of the several chambers, &c.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

IN our last No. we briefly mentioned Mr. Kempe's observations on the Devil's Dyke, though styled in ancient records St. Edmund's Dyke, which he accompanied with a plan and sketches, and which seems deserving of farther notice. It is the remarkable military line of entrenchment on Newmarket-heath, and was called St. Edmund's Dyke, as marking the limits westward of the jurisdiction of the Abbot of Bury St. Edmunds. Mr. Kempe surveyed it last autumn, at a place where the trench and its accompanying rampire remain most perfect, about a quarter of a mile south of the turnpike gate on the road from Newmarket to Cambridge and London. There the work is extremely bold and undefaced. The vallum prevents an escapement towards the west (inclined at an angle of 70 degrees), which, measured from the bottom of the foss to the summit of the work, is 90 feet in length. The height of the vallum from the natural surface of the plain corresponds nearly with the depth of the ditch by which it is defended to the westward. On the top of the vallum is a cursus or way about 18 feet in width, sufficiently broad to allow of the passage of cavalry or chariots, not unlike the raised roads formed by railway embank-

ments in our times. The dyke is nearly eight miles in length; its left, or southern extremity, rests on the uplands at Wood Ditton, *i. e.* Ditch Town: and its right, or northern, on the marsh lands and waters near the little town of Reach. From the circumstance of the vallum of the dyke having been thrown down to make way for the road to Cambridge, Chesterford, &c., a Roman line of communication, Mr. Kempe is induced to think that it was constructed for the security of the Iceni, by the Romans their allies, before the country westward had been subjugated to the Roman yoke. He suggested that it might be long afterwards occupied as a defensive position by the East Angles against the Mercians. Seven miles further westward is another dyke, called the Fleam Dyke, from *flema*, a Saxon word implying flight or refuge. Two others, still further westward, are noticed by topographers of Cambridgeshire, which might lead to the conclusion that the Romans won their way to the westward of the Icenian territory by degrees, against much opposition. Abbo Floriacensis, a writer of the tenth century, speaks of the Devil's Dyke in his day as a huge *wall* of earth; such, indeed, it still remains, at the point of Mr. Kempe's survey. In the year 905, the *Saxon Chronicle* mentions it by the emphatic appellation of *the Dyke*. Mr. Kempe observed, that the best evidence of its construction would be derived from the nature of coins or military weapons found near its course.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

March 11.—Prof. Wilson in the chair. The secretary laid before the society an appendix to the paper on the Bhils, by Capt. Hunter, which was read at the last meeting, observing that much of it was statistical, and that some consisted of extracts from printed works on India. One part he read, which was a collection of miscellaneous remarks on the mountaineers, by Colonel Robertson, formerly collector in Candeish. The observations of Colonel Robertson seem frequently to be at variance with those of Capt. Hunter; but this arises from the circumstance that the Bhils of different parts of India are very diverse in their habits and manners, however agreeing in certain peculiarities. Those of Candeish are hard-featured, idle, poorly fed, and scantily clothed; cruel, reckless of life, and revengeful. As a counterpart, Colonel Robertson states that they are perfectly honest; so that in cases where they have left their ancient habitation without paying up the government-taxes, they will remit the sum from a considerable distance. Their fidelity may be depended on; and the most perfect reliance may be placed upon their word, in spite of any temptation. They are also kind and affectionate as husbands and fathers. Some of them are Mahommedans; but the majority follow the worship of Brahma.

The secretary then read a review of the Buddhistical and Jain literature of India, being a continuation of a paper on the literature of India generally, by Dr. Stevenson, of which a portion, on the Brahmanical literature, was read at a former meeting. The Buddhists and Jains have many features in common. Both adopt the same great principles; both generally use a language not Sanscrit, but closely allied to it; and both vie with the Brahmans in their extravagant pretensions to antiquity; though it is fully recognised that, in India at least, the Brahmanical religion is more ancient than that of Buddha. It is true that the Buddha who appeared in the 6th century before the Christian era represented himself as a successor of others who had preached the same doctrines for many ages before; but the Brahmanical traditions, contained in the Puranas, shew the origin of this assumption. Buddha doctrines, or at least doctrines discordant with the claims of Brahmanism, had been circulated before the 6th century B.C.; and many sages had loudly expressed their intolerance of many Brahmanical rites and articles of faith; but the propagators were themselves of the sacerdotal caste, and the Brahmans were content to allow mere speculations, or even attacks on their doctrines, to pass by without notice, provided no attacks were made on their own temporal pretensions. But the Buddha of the 6th century was not of the sacred caste. He taught men to disregard the distinction of caste altogether; and the benevolence of his practical tenets induced immense numbers to follow his preaching. The Brahmanical superiority was endangered; resistance was felt to be necessary for their self-preservation; and the Buddhists were compelled to separate themselves, and thus to form a distinct body and a new religion, while former followers, of similar principles, passed merely as slightly differing branches of the old faith. The Brahmans accounted for the extraordinary success of the new religion by supposing that Buddha was an incarnation of Vishnu, who took that form in order to deceive mankind, and to prevent them from finding their way to heaven in such numbers that the gods were much incommoded by their presence.

The ancient inscriptions which are found from Gujerat to Bengal, and which were deciphered by Prinsep, shew that a Buddhist prince named Piadasi or Asoka reigned more than twenty centuries ago over the whole of northern and central India, and that he had diplomatic relations with Ptolemy and Antiochus, the sovereigns of Egypt and Syria. Other inscriptions, which had long baffled the curiosity of European antiquaries, prove to be edicts forbidding the slaughtering of cattle for victims, which was a common practice of Brahmans in those ages.

Buddhistical works are now principally found in Nepal and Ceylon; the former in Sanscrit or Thibetan; the latter in Pálé. There can be no doubt that many were composed in India; but they have disappeared. The sum-total of the doctrines have been given in the following stanza:—

> "No vice is to be committed;
> Virtue must be perfectly practised;
> Subdue entirely your thoughts:
> This is the doctrine of Buddha."

A short extract was read from the Dulva, a Thibetan work on Buddha philosophy. The Mahawanso, translated by the Hon. Mr. Turnour, is a valuable historical document, though it required much pruning of silly fables, and may be suspected as to matters occurring before the 6th century B.C. The libraries of China, Siam, and other Buddhistical countries, may be searched for remains of Buddhistical literature; and the writings of Remusat and Hodgson throw some light upon the subject.

The Jain literature is chiefly ceremonial. As an example of their style, an extract from the Kalpa Sutra, a digest of great authority in Gujerat, was read, being an exposition of the temporal benefits of religion. The Jains have adopted the rules of caste from the Hindus, though contrary to their principles; but in this they are like many Mahommedans, and even native Christians. The opinion of the most learned Indianists is, that the Jains were originally Buddhists; but that by their nearer approximation or outward conformity with Brahmanism, they escaped that destructive persecution which has utterly rooted Buddhism out of India.

A mode of persecution which still prevails in India is stated to be, that when the Jains have built a costly temple to one of their saints, the Brahmans sometimes bring a *linga* and consecrate the edifice to Mahadéva; the Jains resist; but the Brahmans being more powerful, and more influential with the government, invariably carry their point. Several temples in Gujerat have been obtained in this manner. Dr. Stevenson concluded this part of the subject by observing that the most celebrated Sanscrit dictionary, the Amera Cosha, was the work of a Buddhist.

The remainder of the paper, on the Mahommedan and modern literature of India, was deferred for another meeting.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Statistical, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; United Service Institution, 9 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Chemical, 8 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 8½ P.M.

Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; R. S. of Literature, 4 P.M.; Numismatic, 7 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.

Saturday.—Asiatic, 2 P.M.; Royal Botanic, 4 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

FINE ARTS.

FINE-ART LOTTERIES.

In opposition to the opinion of Sergeant Talfourd, which we quoted a fortnight ago, it is now promulgated by the friends and supporters of this sort of patronage, that the distribution of works of fine art by lot is recommended by the Committee of the House of Commons on Arts and Manufactures. The announcement is as follows:—

"A paragraph has been extensively circulated, to the effect that every subscriber to an Art-Union is liable to a penalty, recoverable by any common informer. We have no hesitation in stating that this is incorrect, inasmuch as the 46th of Geo. III., c. 148, provides to the contrary. Art-Unions, therefore, are not at all affected by any existing legislative enactments. This opinion is borne out by the fact, that the establishment of such societies was recommended by a committee of the House of Commons on Arts and Manufactures previous to the formation of the Art-Union of London, as they would hardly have suggested an illegal proceeding. 'These associations for the purchase of pictures to be distributed by lot,' says the report in question, 'form one of the many instances in the present age of the advantage of combination. The smallness of the contribution required brings together a large mass of subscribers, many of whom, without such a system of association, would never have become patrons of the arts.' Persons may be assured that in subscribing to an Art-Union they are infringing neither the spirit nor the letter the law."

The annexed has also been forwarded to us:—

"*Legality of Art-Unions.*—A short time ago, Sir Edward Sugden, the present high chancellor of Ireland, was at the Royal Irish Institution, examining some pictures about to be sold by auction. Mr. Stewart Blacker, the honorary secretary of the Irish Art-Union, being in the rooms at the same time, spoke to him relative to the assumed illegality of Art-

Unions, when Sir Edward stated his opinion that the laws which have been referred to did not in any way apply to such societies. Mr. Blacker having expressed his gratification at hearing this, Sir Edward said, 'If you like, I will give you that opinion in writing;' and, taking a pen, wrote an order on the Royal Bank to pay the Art-Union three guineas annually until further notice; thus giving his opinion in the most satisfactory manner by joining the society."

FREE-MASONS OF THE CHURCH.

On Tuesday evening we attended the fifth meeting, or chapter, as it is designated, of this society, whose object is the cultivation of architecture, so as to raise it above its existing condition. We regret to say that the impressions of an hour's visit were unfavourable. Most of the members were young; and the affairs brought forward more *jejune*, both in essence and treatment, than the members. Gentlemen were proposed as professors of *genealogy* and *meteorology* to this Architect society; and we believe the latter was elected, perhaps to build a *star*-chamber. The consideration of the genealogical professorship was deferred, in consequence of its being shrewdly suggested, that genealogy was part and portion of heraldry, of which there was already a professor. The business went on as slowly as its incongruity demanded; and as the chapter (though public) was held in a private residence, we came away without remark, and in the perfect conviction that without an entirely different course, the design (excellent in itself) must be an abortion.

Sir David Wilkie's Sketches in Turkey, Syria, and Egypt. Lithographed by J. Nash, Esq. Graves and Warmsley.

The religious feeling with which Wilkie sought the Holy Land, in order to prepare for a new and higher flight of art in the painting of sacred subjects, was crowned, as religious feeling has too often been, by martyrdom. And these are the evidences left of his elevated and inspired design; a circumstance which, independently of their great merits as productions of the pencil, recommend them deeply to the attention of the public. There are six-and-twenty sketches; a portion of those which were exhibited at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, and afterwards sold by them. They are freely and faithfully lithographed by Mr. Nash; and skilfully printed by Hullmandel. The famous Mehemet Ali opens the volume. It is stated that the present is not the position in which Sir D. Wilkie first intended to draw him, as he was first sketched grasping his sword in a menacing manner; but to this he objected, observing, "*The British have deprived me of my sword.*" The Letter-Writer of Constantinople is a characteristic national representation; and the next is the portrait of the Sultan Abdul Medschid. Mr. Cartwright, Walker Bey, the Persian Prince, &c., proceed in order, till we come to a curious group in a Turkish *café*, in which the costumes of all, and especially of the children, are whimsically interesting. The Travelling Tatar is a fine figure; and Mr. Allison's Dragoman a striking sketch. Poor Blackey was indignant at being drawn on tinted paper; and protested that he was worthy of *white* at least. Of three Greek Sister Graces, one, on the left, is of great beauty and sweetness. But we need not individualise every page of this charming book. Albanians, Sheiks, Hebrews, Arabs, camels, &c., are full of nature and force, and of grace where grace was the leading feature. A sketch for the Nativity is a delightful proof of the artist's main object; and a noble study for the Ecce Homo is equally worthy of high praise. The most complete of all is the Tatar relating the news of the capture of Acre,—a splendid composition, with wonderful variety of human expression. This single picture would amply repay the cost of the whole work; and is a magnificent example of Wilkie's genius. Upon the whole, it would be absurd to go into critical details: we need only remark, that a glance of the eye will satisfy every *connoisseur* that the volume is an honour to the departed and to his native school.

Roberts's Holy Land. Part VIII. London, Moon.

The Shrine of the Nativity, Bethlehem, Bethany, the Church of St. Helena, Pilgrim Encampment at Jericho, and Descent upon the Valley of the Jordan, are the ornaments of this Part—for diversity of subject and excellence in all, not inferior to the best which has preceded it.

THE COCKNEY CATECHISM,

OR

LONDON ONE LIE!

Lesson XI.

Dog-lamb and other Dinner-Things. Simple Bread! Fresh Fish.

Pri. What did Mr. G. Berkeley mean in the House of Commons when he warned the House against a measure which would cause dogs to be killed, "as this was the season for house-lamb, and people would do well to be careful what they bought?"

Aunt M. I suppose he meant to insinuate that the flesh of dogs might be sold for the flesh of lambs.

Pri. Well, that would be a London Lie; but one can easily tell the joints of a dog from the joints of a lamb.

Aunt M. In some cases they may be made to look very much alike; but in general the deception is more practicable and practised in cooked meats. Even members of the House of Commons do not always eat House-lamb when they think so.

Pri. It seems we may be as much cheated at dinner as at breakfast.

Aunt M. No less, my dear; for in whatsoever there is a great and permanent consumption, there will be great and permanent frauds committed by the avaricious and unprincipled.

Pri. Tell us something about them.

Aunt M. Willingly. I will run over a few items, without, however, going into all their ramifications. To exhaust them would require a whole Lesson for almost every single article.

Phi. Surely not for simple bread?

Aunt M. Simple bread! There is hardly such a thing in all London. There are, in the first place, several qualities of all flour, whether ground from sound or bad grain. The substitution of the inferior for the higher qualities is merely an imposition in price; but the sophistications most encouraged by the upper classes of the metropolis are induced by their demand to have their bread *very white*.

Phi. By which they are done brown.

Aunt M. I don't understand you. A quantity of alum (a compound of earth, potass, and sulphuric acid) added to the dough, improves the look of the bread, and makes it whiter and firmer. Except the very best flour is used, nothing like the best-looking London bread can be made without bleaching the dough with alum, or some worse ingredient. Otherwise the yellow-grey colour of real "Home-made" would prevail.

Phi. Well done, alum!

Aunt M. Aye, alum is as much used as salt, and does wonders with our daily bread. The finest flour is used for the finest pastry and biscuits; all the other kinds for bread; no matter whether seconds, middlings, coarse middlings, or the produce of the vilest foreign damaged wheat, or of admixtures of potatoes, garden beans and peas, buckwheat, Indian corn, rice, oats, rye, or any cheap grain ground up with the wheat into the flour. And alum skilfully employed makes fair-looking manufacture of 'em all.

Pri. The poor bakers are scarcely able to help themselves.

Aunt M. They are indeed almost, if not entirely, forced into adulteration. The alum causes every loaf to hold several ounces of water more than it would do if made of pure flour: thus the weight is increased; and for fear any of it should be lost, the bread is no sooner drawn from the oven than it is carefully covered up in order to prevent evaporation.

Pri. How many bakers are there in London?

Aunt M. It is reckoned about 1700; and what a quantity of lies they must furnish! But the millers are their hard task-masters.

Pri. As how?

Aunt M. The greater number of their houses belong to millers (as, in other trades, small-grocers' shops belong to wholesale monopolist grocers, and public-houses to great brewers), and they are compelled to take whatever the owner chooses, and make the most they can of it. Thus if a miller has a quantity of spoilt or sour flour, he sends it to his baker-tenant, who must make it palatable to his customers, or forfeit his credit and shop.

Phi. It is too bad.

Aunt M. And where alum is not adequate to produce the required effect, there is another more powerful agent, the sub-carbonate of ammonia.

Pri. What, from smelling-bottles?

Aunt M. Not exactly. The kind applied to the making of light pastry throughout town is now procured, in sufficient quantity for the demand, chiefly from waste gas-liquors, obtained in purifying coal-gas. Treating this with impure sulphuric acid and powdered chalk, we get the article wanted to make bread light and porous from damaged flour.

Phi. Better done, ammonia!

Aunt M. Yes, whilst the baking goes on, this substance is converted into a gaseous state, and swelling into air-bubbles, gives the loaf the appearance of as many holes as are in Gruyere cheese. The ammonia has flown away, and left all its channels of escape behind in the bread.

Pri. Potatoes do no great harm?

Aunt M. I believe not; but gypsum, chalk, and pipe-clay are often detected in bread; and medical men affirm that many of the diseases of children arise from their eating this adulterated food.

Pri. Children eat more bread than older folks.

Aunt M. Some doctors think that carbonate of magnesia should be mixed with bad bread, to counteract its effects; but it would be hard to be obliged to medicate our toast before we dared to eat it.

Phi. It would be like taking physic.

Aunt M. Yet, what can be done? In the House of Commons Committee last year on the Truck System, Lord Ashley shewed that clay was abundantly mixed with the flour of

which the bread sold to the poor manufacturers was made.

Phi. Very nearly fulfilling the Scripture, "They asked for bread, and you gave them a stone!"

Pri. But I think bread, notwithstanding what you said, will be all the lesson of to-day.

Aunt M. There is so much fraud, that it is difficult to get away. I have only time for a word or two about any thing else. Fish is about the first dinner dish, and here is a pleasant anecdote about its supply quite fresh.

Pri. I like anecdotes.

Aunt M. I watched this myself, and was rather amused with it. At a large fishmonger's in the Borough, on the open counter towards the street, neatly and coolly leaded over, there were always eels, dabs, flounders, and other fish, shewing signs of life, by moving their fins or tails, and sometimes leaping and slapping about. Behind them were the rest of the stock, the whole stock for sale, and looking as fresh and lively as their animated companions in front. I wondered how the latter, though tenacious of life, could live so long; till, at last, I observed that our fishmonger had a large tub of water in his back parlour, where his small fry swam about, and between which and his window the supply was regularly carried on. Thus an exhausted eel was restored to the water, and a fresh one brought thence to act the same part for a time. Passers-by were captivated, and the stale fish sold. The trick fully answered its purpose.

Phi. This is truly the tale of a tub.

REMARKABLE PROPHECIES.

We do not recollect having seen any allusion to the following singular prophecy of the fate of George Villiers, the first and celebrated Duke of Buckingham of that name. In a letter from Joseph Meade, fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, addressed to Sir Martin Stuteville (the original of which we have now before our eyes), dated January 17, 162⅞, the writer says:—

"This is all, unlesse I should tell you what they talk more of my Lady Davis her prophesies. As that this should be the most troublesome parlament that yet hath bin (a wheale on hir tongue!), but two yeare hence shall be the happiest that ever we saw. I wish we may have a happie one sooner. If hir prophesie of the lasting of the froast prove true, it will make *somebody, whom the rest of hir presages concernes,* * * * and say she is a witch. If not, she will be laughed out of hir credit."

It appears by the whole context that this *somebody* was the Duke of Buckingham. Five months afterwards, in a letter from the same person, dated the 29th of *June*, 1628, we have a more explicit statement: Dr. Meade, after speaking of the murder of Dr. Lambe by the populace of London, adds:—"Some have made it an ominous observation, that Wilson the Scottishman should cappe the duke as he was bowling the same day that Lamb died. For he died not till 9 o'clock on Saturday. And that the same day the duke's picture fell downe in the high-commission chamber at Lambeth. To which they adde, that not long since his nose bleeding, my lo. keeper's mace was clapt upon his neck to staunch the bloud. But they are toyes, *though my Lady Davis the prophetesse sayes his time is not come till August.*"

The Duke of Buckingham was murdered by Felton at Portsmouth on the 23d of *August*, 1628. We can only account for this singular observation of omens, which was made and written long before the duke's death could have been foreseen, by the vague alarms which have been observed on some other occasions to precede great fatal catastrophies; but the indication of the month by "Lady Davis the prophetesse" is a very singular coincidence.

We will add to this another still more remarkable coincidence; Mr. Wright discovered the following entry in an Anglo-Saxon manuscript of the *tenth century*, and has published it in the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, vol. ii. p. 18:—"Anno millesimo septingentesimo nonagesimo, rex captivus, regina pene occisa, væ ecclesiæ! principes fugient, sceptrum confractum, paulo post reviviscit ferrum et ignis in nobiles, spoliatio templi. Hæc Dunstanus servus Dei."

And which may be translated thus:—"In the year one thousand seven hundred and ninety the king will be captive, the queen in danger of death, woe to the church! the princes will fly, the sceptre broken, a little later the nobles will be again visited with fire and sword, and the church will be spoiled. Thus saith Dunstan the servant of God."

1790 was the year of the great French revolution, when this prophecy was literally true. There can be no doubt that the above lines were written in the tenth century, perhaps even before Dunstan's death; and it is doubly remarkable, that the manuscript containing them, which must have belonged to an English monastery, should be found in the national library of France at the time the prophecy was so singularly fulfilled.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre opened last Saturday; and if a full and brilliant house augurs well for the season, Mr. Lumley must feel great confidence and satisfaction. The theatre, which looks splendid when full of company, has been revived during the recess; and with fresh painting, new curtains, and other improvements, seemed fairly to "respond" (as people say in returning thanks for toasts) to the honours it received, and made it one of the proudest *nights* of its existence. The opera was Donizetti's *Adelia*, Persiani the heroine, and Conti, a *débutant* from Lisbon, as the principal tenor, *Olivier*. The music is pleasing without being great; and there are not many pieces which are likely to become very popular,—that is, hummed by every body, and ground on street-organs by wandering Italian boys above the sciences of white mice and monkeys. The voice of Persiani is always delightful; we felt it and said it when she first sang amongst us, under the shadowings of highly established favourites, and she has now won her way by the fairest means to the station her endowments entitle her to occupy. What she does in *Adelia* is her own, and she achieves much deserved applause. On Saturday the new tenor appeared to be affected with our climate; and as it seems impossible to make out an agreeable tariff between Lisbon and London, his notes did not rise in the market. On Tuesday we did not hear him, but have heard of him; and the general opinion of good critics is, that the organ is very fine, whilst they question its powers for the first place in so large a theatre. For ourselves, we are inclined to think that in other parts he may be more successful, as he is evidently no automaton, but a singer and actor of intelligence. The scenery superb: the Grieves have done much for the Queen's Theatre in this respect.

A new divertissement, "*L'Aurore*," was produced, to give *éclat* to the *début* of Adele Dumilatre (would a rose by any other name smell as sweet, in England?); and her *entrée* was such a brilliant *coup*, that Guido would never have painted the subject, had he witnessed it. The new balloon had better come out soon, if it intend to astonish us. It will have a deal to do before it beats Adele Dumilatre. It may raise a mortal up to heaven (*vide* St. Cecilia's Hymn *passim*); but she *comes* an angel down, and she is *attended* by *the Hours*, a matter horridly annoying to us and to all men of business, or of idleness, who have generally much more to do, and who know they must attend to *them*, be they Twelve o'clock's or even Eight's in the morning. If they were as clever and attractive as little Camille, a known "Hour" of several seasons, or Scheffre or Planquet, two new "Hours," who dance along with Adele Aurora, one would not mind it so much; but perhaps it might be as easy and convenient to fancy them at once *houris* (it is all in the *i*), and in this Christian metropolis—where the young clergy are beginning to walk about in a sort of opera disguise—white, according to the rubric,—to send all these ideas to Mahomet and his fools' paradise. And then poor Perrot was so anxious to display his talent in a step with the bright goddess of the Morning, making his first appearance as stated on that Evening, that he must crack a tendon—it shewed that it is only through misfortunes that men can make themselves worthy of heaven: it was his accident, not his pirouettes, that fitted him for O-limp-us. From this "hour," though we detest men-dancers as we do . . . . he shall ever be a god to us—"*semper deus*," as Virgil hath it.

The dismay caused by this event (which we are happy to learn is not very serious), was tremendous. It is astonishing to see the wonderful difference of similar things, under dissimilar circumstances, and in dissimilar places. A bricklayer falls from a scaffold and breaks half his bones, and is carried to the hospital on a shutter: not five people, out of a crowded street, who have been shocked by the calamity, ever think of asking or caring how their mutilated fellow-creature fares. He lives a beggar-cripple, or, more fortunate, he dies, and the hospital students make themselves wise over his carcase, and limbs, and viscera. But a public dancer sprains his foot, and a thousand sweet voices, from intelligent throats, almost shriek and bawl a playhouse down, in their anxiety to be informed (on the always-to-be-depended-upon assurance of the Manager), whether the performer has materially hurt his great or his lesser toe. In the present instance they could not have been comforted, but that Fanny Elssler was to appear in the ballet. Fanny, ever fair and young, after some quarter of a century of excessive exertion upon the stage, did "come at last to comfort them," we believe, for we were so troubled, excited, and distressed by preceding events, that we could hardly find relief in the scientific concluding consolations of the *soirée* of the noble P. R. S.

At *Covent Garden*, on Monday, *Oberon* was revived for Mr. Bunn's benefit, and it was the best house he has seen this season. Her Majesty and Prince Albert were present, and every place occupied.

The *Princess's Theatre* produced the *Puritani* on Thursday in a very superior style. It is the best of the English versions of Italian operas which has been done, and shews taste, spirit, and successful enterprise in the theatre. Mad. E. Garcia plays the heroine in a striking and original manner; and the scenery and getting up are admirable. It is too late in the week for us to go into details.

At the *Olympic*, the American Giant and Hervio Nano, the dwarf, have been cast into a drama which would have pleased degenerate

Rome. The giant is reported to have made a great hit.

VARIETIES.

Marquis of Northampton's Soirée.—The second soirée was held on Saturday last, and was altogether most brilliant. Royal personages, members of both houses, dignitaries of the Church, officers of the naval and military services, and last, not least, the far-famed for scientific and literary attainments, in great numbers, were assembled. It was a most gratifying sight; and one in which any being, with power to appreciate and candour to confess the benefits resulting from intellectual achievements, would rejoice. It seemed the Court of Intellect, and without the formalities of palatial ceremonies: the very presentations to social rank assumed the appearance of introduction of mind to mind. Prince Albert conversed with animation and affability, and took much interest in the several objects pointed out to him by his courteous host. The chief of these were the practical process of making tessera, &c. from powdered felspar and clay by pressure, as described in our last number, p. 154, and the impression of footsteps of gigantic birds in sandstone from New Zealand: a slab of about an inch thick split open disclosed not only the indent, but also the corresponding prominence in the layer subsequently deposited on the then surface. Dr. Mantell *con amore* and eloquently directed the attention of successive comers to these footmarks in the river or sea banks of former times, and also to a fine specimen of tuff, rich in marine shells from Puzzuoli, a model of which was on the table. Turning from the conversions of sand into stone, to the tessera press, the operation of nature in the former cases seemed mechanically illustrated, namely aggregation and cohesion by pressure. There were also to attract and to amuse microscopical exhibition of the Ehrenberg animalcules, embossed and illuminated leather for book-covers, &c., daguerreotypes, &c., and refreshments on a liberal scale.

The Sydenham Society is, it is stated, a new literary association, after the manner of the Parker, Spalding, Percy, Camden, and Shakspere, for the publication of valuable and ancient medical works, in return for a small annual subscription.

The Booksellers' Provident Institution.—This excellent association, we see from the Annual Report,* prospers as its best friends and supporters could wish. The late Mr. Longman, besides a second donation of fifty guineas at the last anniversary (where he presided), has bequeathed it 100*l.*; and the fund has risen to the amount of 12,059*l.* 17*s.* 2*d.* The donations during the last year, 1842, amounted to 242*l.* 15*s.* 6*d.*; the annual subscriptions, &c., to 609*l.* 6*s.*; and the interest of money to 418*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* It is very satisfactory to observe, that, out of all the number of annual subscriptions, only four had failed in their payment, and thus lost the benefit of the institution; which had, in other cases, been extended to the infirm, the aged, the destitute, and the dying, with most gratifying effects in alleviating pain, succouring distress, and consoling the bed of death. In 1844 the power of granting permanent assistance will commence; and the idea of building a quiet asylum for sickly and decayed members has been broached by some of the liberal benefactors, who have already contributed largely to the fund, and particularly by Mr. Orme, at the meeting on the 9th. He warmly recommended the establishment of a separate and distinct fund, to erect small comfortable habitations for the aged and infirm members and their widows, who might be in the receipt of annuities from the Provident Institution; and, the feeling of the other directors coinciding, he set the generous example of giving a hundred guineas to begin the plan. Mr. Nisbett, Mr. Brown, Mr. Green, and Mr. E. Hodson, immediately subscribed 50 guineas each; and others ten and twenty guineas, till about 500*l.* was collected. Messrs T. and W. Longman, who were not present, on hearing of the proceeding, also gave fifty guineas each; and there will, we are persuaded, be an earnest desire among other gentlemen engaged in the trade to join the rank of those who have so humanely adopted a proposal every way desirable and worthy of a Christian land. Nor are we without hopes that successful authors, and the friends and lovers of literature generally, will hasten to contribute to so good a design.

* Sixth Annual Meeting, held at the Albion Tavern, on Thursday week,—Cosmo Orme, Esq., president, in the chair.

The Thames Improvements are working their slowly regular, but we trust sure, way through official to engineering proceedings. It wants but judgment, and directness of purpose, to make this river and its banks not only more useful and beautiful, but more profitable and glorious, than has almost been imagined till the present time. And *apropos*, the *Lit. Gazette* stir about the rocket and artillery practice at Woolwich does not seem to have been thrown away. It has been presented as a nuisance to the river; and Government is, at last, made sensible of the expediency of providing an uninterrupted ground for the exercise of these great national arms for war or for peace.

Street-Improvements.—Among the London street-improvements we notice a handsome edifice, in a good style of architecture, erected for the office of the *Morning Post*, in North Wellington Street; and immediately above it, the opening of a space, through old and mean houses, towards the bottom of Catherine Street, which, we are told, is to be converted into an arcade.

Exeter Hall.—On Friday evening, last week, the Sacred Harmonic Society admirably performed Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, and an anthem by Dr. Crotch, to a crowded audience.

Earthquake in Lancashire.—On the morning of the 10th a shock was felt throughout a considerable tract of country, the centre of which was not far from Rochdale, and the Todmorden Valley. It was accompanied by a rumbling noise.

Earthquake.—Later accounts from the West Indies justify our apprehensions of more widely-spread calamity. The French island of Guadalope has been most heavily visited, and its capital thrown down, with the loss of many lives. The government and people of Paris, churches and theatres, have moved with a noble alacrity to send succours to the prostrate island. We have, it is true, extensive distress at home; but we do hope to see a demonstration of brotherly international feeling, in a public English subscription for the French sufferers in Guadalope.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.—The Rambles of the Emperor Ching Tih in Këang Nan: a Chinese Tale, translated by Tkin Shen, a student of the Anglo-Chinese College, Malacca; with an Introduction by Dr. Legge, president of the college.—The Home; or, Family Joys and Family Cares, by Frederika Bremer, authoress of "The Neighbours," translated by Mary Howitt.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

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METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1843.

	Feb.	*Thermometer.*	*Barometer.*
Thursday	23	From 38 to 48	29·39 to 29·45
Friday	24	„ 33 .. 41	29·56 .. 29·69
Saturday	25	„ 32 .. 39	29·59 .. 29·58
Sunday	26	„ 30 .. 38	29·56 .. 29·36
Monday	27	„ 32 .. 40	28·95 .. 28·86
Tuesday	28	„ 35 .. 41	28·94 .. 29·32
	March.		
Wednesday	1	„ 30 .. 40	29·50 .. 29·72
Thursday	2	„ 25 .. 39	29·79 .. 29·90
Friday	3	„ 26 .. 39	29·96 .. 30·05
Saturday	4	„ 41 .. 29	30·20 .. 30·28
Sunday	5	„ 20 .. 42	30·28 .. 30·25
Monday	6	„ 31 .. 41	30·18 .. 30·16
Tuesday	7	„ 18 .. 43	30 11 stationary.
Wednesday	8	„ 24 .. 43	30·15 .. 30·23

Wind N.E. and N. from the 23d ult. to the 4th inst.; W. and W. by S. on the 5th; S.W. on the 6th; S.E. and E. by N. on the 7th; N. and N. by E. on the 8th. From the 23d to the 28th ult. generally cloudy; rain on the 27th. The 1st inst. morning clear, a little snow in the afternoon; since, except the 6th, generally clear. Rain fallen, ·275 of an inch.

Edmonton. CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Again we point to the *Deliciæ Scientiarum* in our present No., as one of those happy effusions which would embellish and enrich works more ambitious of lasting fame than the rank commonly allowed to periodical literature.

The volume to which we alluded in our notice of Mr. Lathbury's *Memorials of Ernest the Pious* (p. 151, last *Gazette*) was entitled, "Prince Albert and the House of Saxony," &c. &c., by F. Shoberl, published by Mr. Colburn in 1840. In this (as in the other little books which Mr. Lathbury has seen) it is quite true there are only a few pages devoted to the direct biography of Prince Ernest, but there is much collateral matter the same in both. We trust our meaning could not be so far mistaken as impugning the single biography on which Mr. L. has bestowed so much pains, and which deserves to be appreciated accordingly.

The notice on copyright and piracy from a respectable American publisher in our next.

C. C. on city antiquities shall also meet with attention next week. Communications late on Thursday and Friday perplex us extremely after our arrangements have been made.

L. D. L. under consideration; "*volumed* eye" is a bold phrase?

ADVERTISEMENTS.

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Dent's Appendix to his recent work on Timekeepers is now ready for circulation. It gives an account of various Experiments, shewing that in the ordinary construction of Chronometers there has always existed a disproportionate action between the law which governs the force of tension in the balance-spring under varying temperature, and the supposed corresponding law which connects the inertia of the compensation-balance as the correction for the deviation in the force of tension.

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FRANCIS, THE ATTEMPTED REGICIDE.—A singular fact with reference to George Pearson, one of the principal witnesses against Francis, who recently shot at her Majesty, has just been made public. It seems that Pearson was much affected with stammering, and it was with the utmost difficulty that he could make himself understood. Mr. HUNT, of 224 Regent Street, so well known in connexion with this species of calamity, took the case in hand; and the result is thus detailed in a letter from Sir Peter Laurie, in which some interesting particulars of a somewhat similar case, are recorded:—"If gives me much pleasure," says Sir Peter, "to bear testimony to the skill of Mr. Hunt in curing stammering in two cases. The first was in the instance of George Pearson, who gave the information on the recent attempt by Francis on her Majesty's life. Pearson was brought to my house to detail the circumstances; but his infirmity was of such a nature as to render him perfectly incapable of giving utterance to his meaning. Mr. Hunt kindly offered his services to Pearson; and in a fortnight I saw him again, when he spoke with the utmost readiness, and I believe the cure to be complete. The second instance is that of Mark Dessurne, a youth who was quite unable to speak; in fact, he was hardly removed from dumbness. I have seen him this morning, and he converses and reads with the most perfect fluency and ease to himself. I consider this case more remarkable than that of Pearson's; his infirmity having rendered him so unwilling to attempt to speak, that his intonation is now imperfect, and resembles the tone of those children in the Deaf and Dumb Asylum. I am extremely unwilling to give any thing like a testimonial, but in this instance the first instance in which I have done so; but I consider it a duty to make this known as far as I can. The success of Mr. Hunt is only equalled by the extreme simplicity of the means he uses, founded on sound, and, as I believe, unerring principles."—*Morning Post.*

INTERESTING and CLASSICAL EXCURSION.—STEAM to CONSTANTINOPLE, calling at GIBRALTAR, MALTA, ATHENS, SYRA, SMYRNA, MYTILENE, and the DARDANELLES, for Passengers, Goods, Specie, and Parcels. The Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company will despatch the TAGUS (900 tons and 300 horse power) on her next trip to the above places, from Southampton, on Friday, the 28th of April, at Nine o'clock, A.M. Goods and parcels must be at Southampton by the 26th of April.

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LITERATURE AND ART.

Public Notice.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE SUBSCRIBERS are respectfully requested to take notice that the ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING, to receive the Report of the Committee, and distribute the amount subscribed for the purchase of Works of Art, will be held at the THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE, (by the kind permission of W. C. Macready, Esq.) on TUESDAY, April 25, at Eleven for Twelve o'clock precisely. His Royal Highness the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, President, in the Chair. Subscribers will be admitted, on presentation of the receipt for the current year, at the entrance in Brydges Street. The LISTS will be CLOSED on Friday, the 31st inst. An immediate payment is solicited.

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4 Trafalgar Square, Charing Cross, 15th March, 1843.

*** The legality of the Art-Union of London has been fully established by the highest Legal Authorities.

University of London.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that in consequence of the Death of the Rev. R. Murphy, M.A., the Office of EXAMINER in MATHEMATICS and NATURAL PHILOSOPHY in this University is vacant.

Candidates must send in their applications to the Registrar on or before the 30th of March, at which the Senate will proceed to election on Wednesday, the 5th of April.

The Salary of the Office is 175*l.* per annum.

By order of the Senate,

R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Somerset House, March 15th, 1843.

THE GERMAN LANGUAGE in DRESDEN.—PROFESSOR HUGHES, of the Royal Military Academy, Dresden, who has for upwards of 30 years resided in Germany, receives into his House and Family (all of whose members, himself excepted, are Germans) a few YOUNG GENTLEMEN, not under 16 years of age, who wish to become Masters of the German Language, for the acquirement of which with a good accent, that Capital affords such great facilities. His House is situated in ANTON'S PLATZ, near the new Post Office.

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THE FIRST CHORAL MEETING of the UPPER SINGING SCHOOLS, taught under the sanction of the Committee of Council on Education, will be held at EXETER HALL, on WEDNESDAY next, March 22, 1843.

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Psalm, harmonised (in the ancient manner, with the melody in the tenor), by Ravenscroft.
Canon, semi-chorus—*Awake, thou that sleepest*—Horsley.
Hymn, Workman's Upper School—*O God, that madest earth and sky*—Hullah.
Psalm, Female voices—*My shepherd is the Lord.*
Motet, semi-chorus—*Thou art beautiful*—Giovanni Croce.
Magnificat, chanted. The chant by Dr. Cooke.
Hymn—*Give to us peace in our time, O Lord*—Russian Hymn.

PART II. *Secular Music.*

Song in honour of Peace—*Freemen rejoice*—Purcell.
Part Song, semi-chorus—*Day-break*—Moscheles.
Part Song, Workman's Upper School—*The smith at his toil*—Kruetzer.
Madrigal, semi-chorus—*Since first I saw your face*—Ford.
Chorus—*Sing lond a joyful strain*—Gluck.
National Song—*The hardy Norseman.*
Glee—*Come let us all a Maying go*—Atterbury.
National Anthem—*God save the Queen.*

Tickets for the Platform, price 7s.; for the Upper Platform, price 5s.; and for the Western Gallery, price 3s.; may be obtained of Mr. Parker, Publisher, 445 West Strand, between the hours of Twelve and Five daily.

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